

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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## Twice best

Spreading rings to rock the sleepy lotus blossoms. A flash of gold in green-grey water, jumping silver in the meshes of the wide-mouthed net. Fish are important in the rural economy of Thailand. So, too, are vegetables. Unfortunately, what protects the one can be harmful to the other.

The main vegetable growing area of Thailand lies in the delta around Bangkok formed by the Menam Chao Phraya and neighbouring rivers, where in rich alluvial soil deposited through the centuries by the Mother of All Waters, vegetables sufficient for many millions of people are grown over a period of nine months each year. Crop protection chemicals have been used on an extensive scale for at least ten years and insecticides, in particular, are used as a routine measure. Many pests cause damage to the various vegetables grown, particularly the destructive cabbage semi-looper caterpillar—and spider mites. These pests attack the crop right up to the day of harvest

and farmers are forced to continue spraying until the last moment before sending the vegetables to market.

To meet the farmers' need for an insecticide which could be used safely up to the day of harvest, Shell's new insecticide Phosdrin was tried—with immediate and outstanding success. With cabbage loopers, Phosdrin, at a few ounces per acre, achieved a complete kill *within only thirty minutes* and the same amount completely eliminated mites on cucumbers. A lower dosage gave control of cut-worms and thrips on onions, and in all cases the crops *remained 'clean'* for several days after spraying. Equally important, this insecticide, despite its quick-kill power over insects, showed no harmful effect on the fish which teem in the klongs and irrigation ditches between the vegetable gardens. Phosdrin, in the eyes of those who raise both fish and vegetables in Thailand, is indeed twice best.



Cabbage semi-looper *Phytometra acuta* Walk.

# Phosdrin

Trade Mark

### new systemic Shell insecticide

*Phosdrin is the sixth in the series of Shell pesticides. In addition to its uses on vegetable and fruit crops, it has potential applications for the control of insects and mites on forage crops, tobacco, cotton and ornamentals. If you have a pest problem in your area, consult your Shell Company. Between them, aldrin, endrin, dieldrin, Phosdrin, D-D and Nemagon offer control of almost every significant pest.*

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These remarkable synthetic resins form a series, ranging from mobile liquids to high melting point solids, and all combine great adhesion, flexibility, toughness and chemical resistance in one. On them are based new, longer-lasting surface coatings of many kinds;

from paints for the structural protection of factories and industrial plants, to special coatings for aircraft, designed to withstand the exceptional corrosive and abrasive influences of modern jet flight. Even airport runways find a use for *Epikote* resins in the form of wear-resisting marking paints.

New, longer-lasting, non-chip-or-crack finishes for domestic appliances owe their resistance to hard knocks to *Epikote* resins. Food cans and wine barrels can be lined for safety with *Epikote* resin-based lacquers, tanker holds and pipe-lines protected from corrosion. Have you a use for these four-in-one resins in your plan of production? Formulations can be devised incorporating

any or all of the desired qualities of *Epikote*. Flexibility of formulation is a further *Epikote* virtue: ask your Shell Company for full details.

# Epikote

Trade Mark

## Epoxy resins

*Epikote* resins are by no means the only Shell chemicals to serve the surface coatings industry. Shell chemical and hydrocarbon solvents, synthetic glycerine . . . all find important uses. Glycols, detergents, resins, plastics. Base chemicals, additives and synthetic rubber . . . Shell chemical production serves every industry.

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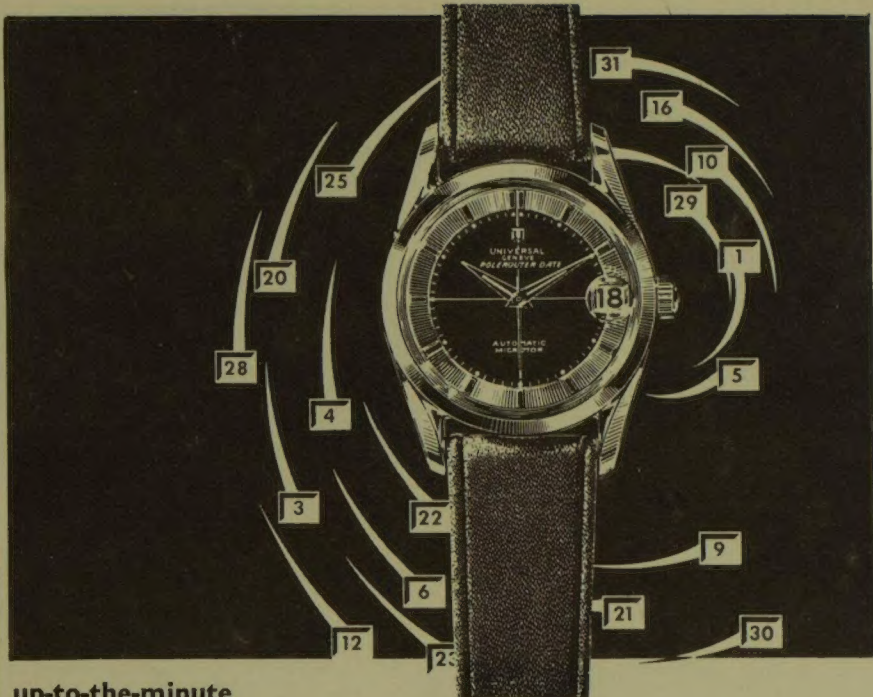
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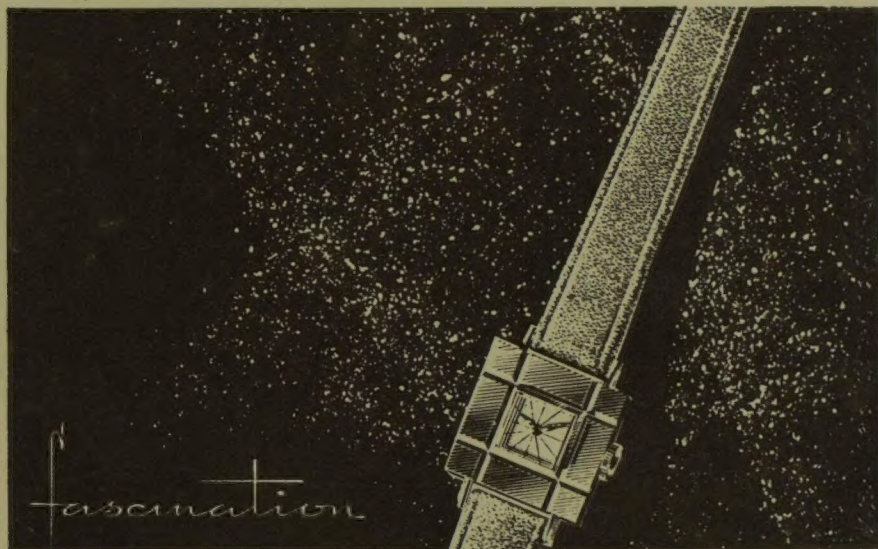
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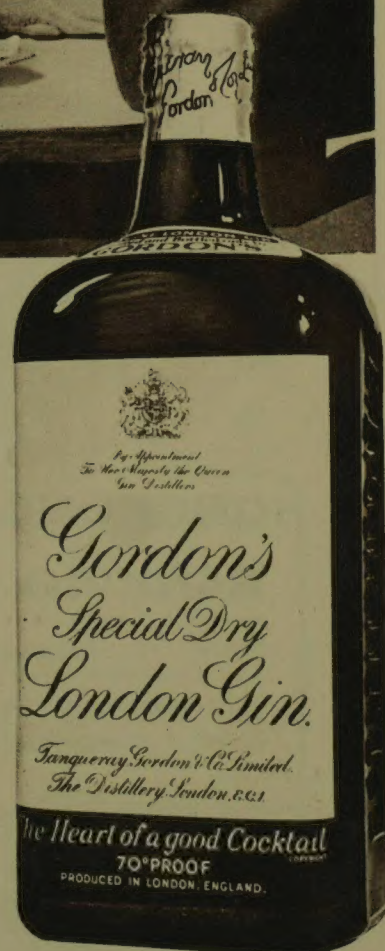
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just the best tobacco,  
skilfully blended, expertly packed.*





Hawes Inn, South Queensferry

from the original by J. G. Rennie

## THE AGE OF ELEGANCE . . .

*Remembered boyhood reading of R. L. Stevenson's "Kidnapped" adds undefinable romance to the historic name of the Hawes Inn, which stands today at the eastern approach to the Royal and Ancient Burgh of South Queensferry just as King George IV saw it on his visit there in 1822. So also an undefinable romance attaches to the Scotch Whisky which is blended and bottled in this ancient Burgh—the blend with all the mature elegance of age.*

# "King George IV"

## OLD SCOTCH WHISKY



THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LIMITED EDINBURGH SCOTLAND



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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1959.



MR. KHRUSHCHEV AND THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY: THE SOVIET LEADER MAKING THE SPEECH IN WHICH HE PROPOSED TOTAL DISARMAMENT FOR THE WORLD WITHIN FOUR YEARS.

On September 18 Mr. Khrushchev (here seen at the tribune) addressed the General Assembly of the United Nations in New York; and started by saying that the Soviet Union was submitting highly important proposals on disarmament. His speech was broadcast in thirty languages. He referred to the weakening of the cold war and to improved relations between states. He urged Communist China's representation in U.N. and mentioned warmly the new nations of Asia and Africa; and after speaking of Russia's

readiness to give economic assistance to undeveloped countries, both alone and with other nations, "without strings," put forward the proposal that over a period of four years all States should effect complete disarmament, that all armies, navies and air forces should cease to exist, all military establishments should be closed, foreign military bases abolished, and all nuclear bombs destroyed and their further production prohibited. Other photographs of Mr. Khrushchev's tour appear on pages 308—309.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I SEE that representatives of one of the political parties who are now engaged in canvassing for our votes have suggested that if it attains power, in return for giving the farmer the blessings of Free Trade, it will abolish farming subsidies and so simultaneously lighten the burden on the taxpayer and restore the farmer's self-respect. On which I can only comment that it seems to me that, unless all trade barriers and price and wage restrictions are simultaneously abolished, the result must be either to drive down the wages of the agricultural worker or to bankrupt every small employer of agricultural labour in the country. For free trade and economic *laissez-faire*, it is too often forgotten, are one and indivisible. There are many things to be said against free trade and unrestricted economic dealing on social and, perhaps, political grounds, but, viewed arithmetically and logically, other things being equal it is obviously the best system for promoting the widest possible interchange of goods and the maximum satisfaction of the consumer. But the proviso, other things being equal, is cardinal. To talk about free trade in the full and true sense of the word in the social and ideological conditions of the mid-20th-century British Welfare State is like talking about free love being the only logically satisfactory form of relationship between the sexes in a community of strict and God-fearing Scottish Presbyterians or, let us say, in the precincts of Lambeth Palace. For the moment one begins, for whatever motives, to tax Peter to pay Paul, to use the power of the State to coerce one individual to ensure the well-being of another, to regulate the prices at which one man may sell his goods or another his services, Free Trade, except in the narrowest sense of a negative absence of tariff regulations, flies out of the window. There is not, and cannot be, any real freedom of trade in such circumstances. Those who talk and deceive themselves and others into believing that there can be are unconsciously masquerading in the clothes of Gladstone in the age of Harold Wilson. Prices cannot find their level, supply cannot meet demand, the laws that Adam Smith propounded with such force and clarity cannot operate unless the State withdraws from the ring and allows the individual—every individual—to pursue without restraint what he believes to be his economic self-interest. No modern State on this side of the Atlantic, and certainly no practical politician in this country, whatsoever his political creed, would dare to-day to advocate such a thing or be able to enter or stay in Parliament if he did. No one is going to propose abolishing the Social Services or allowing the legal owners of land and the raw materials of existence to charge the public what they like. And no one in a position of responsibility in modern Britain would be prepared to discard, and forgo the support of, the vast edifice of taxes and imposts that make the "Robin Hood" or Welfare State possible and render *laissez-faire* and economic "individualism" a Gladstonian pipe-dream. I have no doubt that with the acres and beasts he possesses and the farm installations and equipment which he has inherited, or on which he has laid out his capital, even the most struggling farmer of to-day could pursue his self-interest with advantage and make his farm pay without subsidies provided there was no minimum wage, no duty on petrol and machinery or State-imposed charges on their distribution and manufacture, no legal restraint on the prices he could charge for his milk, butter, eggs, pigs,

poultry and crops, and no taxes except to provide the necessary police-force to protect his property and person from his hungry and covetous neighbours. His difficulty is to do so and make his farm pay when the price of every item he buys to operate his farm, including hired labour, is inflated by the artificial costs of production imposed by the fiscal mechanism of the Welfare State and when the price he charges for his own products is regulated by statute and burdened by the overheads of the taxes, tithes and rates he has to pay on his income, land and dwelling-house. He has,



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA BY HER MOTHER: A CHARMING PASTEL DRAWING OF THE PRINCESS, WHO LEAVES AUSTRALIA TO-MORROW (SEPTEMBER 27) AFTER A MOST SUCCESSFUL TOUR. THE PORTRAIT WAS EXECUTED BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT "COPPINS," HER COUNTRY RESIDENCE IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, IN THE EARLY MONTHS OF THIS YEAR.

Reproduced by gracious permission of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

in other words, to operate in the artificial conditions of the 20th-century State and it is absurd—as well as unjust—to stigmatise as an unnecessary and unwarrantable imposition on the public the subsidies he receives to balance what the State, directly or indirectly, takes from him and his farm in other ways, and which alone make it possible for him to exist and farm at all. What he is forced by State action to lose on the roundabouts, he has got to be helped by State action to gain on the swings; otherwise he cannot remain in business. Analyse any small farmer's balance sheet and the inescapable practical logic of the thing becomes apparent, illogical in pure theory though that thing is.

No! we cannot recapture the Gladstonian simplicity of 1859 in the horrid complexity of 1959! Robbing Peter to pay Paul is the very life-blood of the Welfare State, and the process is nowadays carried so far that we have to do a little mild robbing of Paul to re-pay Peter, or Peter would not be able to exist at all and then there would be no one left to rob to maintain Paul! And if justice—by which, I suppose, one means, the satisfaction of the reasonable human expectation that, as a man sows, so he shall reap—is even more important than equality, this occasional

reversal of excessive and over-doctrinaire measures to bring about the latter is an essential element in modern legislation and government. I shall always be grateful to the present Prime Minister—though I speak as a partial and interested party—for his timely check on a trend which began forty years ago and which was perpetuated by the last war and by war and post-war taxation and which has made it virtually impossible for a professional man without either pension rights or the means of capital appreciation to make any satisfactory provision for his old age out of savings. For while with the general inflationary movement of our time civil servants and business executives could look for occasional rises in pension rights sufficient to enable them to live in tolerable comfort in retirement and old age, no such hope was afforded the individual specialist—which is what a professional man is—who was by tradition expected to save from the excess income of his earning years enough to retire and live on when those years came to an end. For two decades after 1939 nearly the whole of those excess earnings was confiscated annually by the State in almost exactly the same way and at the same rate as the excess income of a landed duke or millionaire rentier who, unlike his professional fellow victim, possessed large sums of inherited and untaxed capital to use and draw on and whose income, in any case, was not liable to cease with old age or infirmity. My own calling, for instance—that of a writer—was treated in this way, and perhaps even more harshly than that of any other, for, by a strange ruling of our fiscal authorities, the copyright of an author's books, even of those he has written many years ago, though regarded as capital on his death and thereupon subjected to death duties, is not allowed to be used by him as capital in his lifetime; should he attempt to encash it to provide for his old age or illness, it is subjected to income tax and surtax as though it was a part of the earnings of the year in which it was sold. As a result an author, however successful, who had not achieved success and provided for his latter years in the period before confiscatory taxation of high incomes began in 1939, was under a necessity of either continuing to write for a livelihood until he died—that is, if anyone was still prepared to buy the products of his age or senility—or of being left in his latter years without any livelihood at all. And I could name a dozen authors who a little while ago were, and in some cases still are, household words who, after contributing for years the bulk of their earnings to the State and having thereby earned as good a right to retirement as any man, are to-day having to go on scribbling as they did when they were young hacks at the outset of their careers, and with an ever-diminishing reward, not because they have any further urge to write but because they and their families would go hungry and homeless otherwise. From that injustice the future professional writer, like other professional men, was relieved two years ago by the Government's enactment that now enables a professional man to set aside, free of tax, several hundred pounds a year to provide a modest retirement annuity for old age. Though I am one of those to whom this relief was granted a decade or more too late, I cannot help being grateful to the Government which accorded my profession this act of justice and to the man who was personally and primarily responsible for realising its need.



# PRINCESS ALEXANDRA'S TOUR; AND ITEMS MUSICAL AND NAUTICAL.

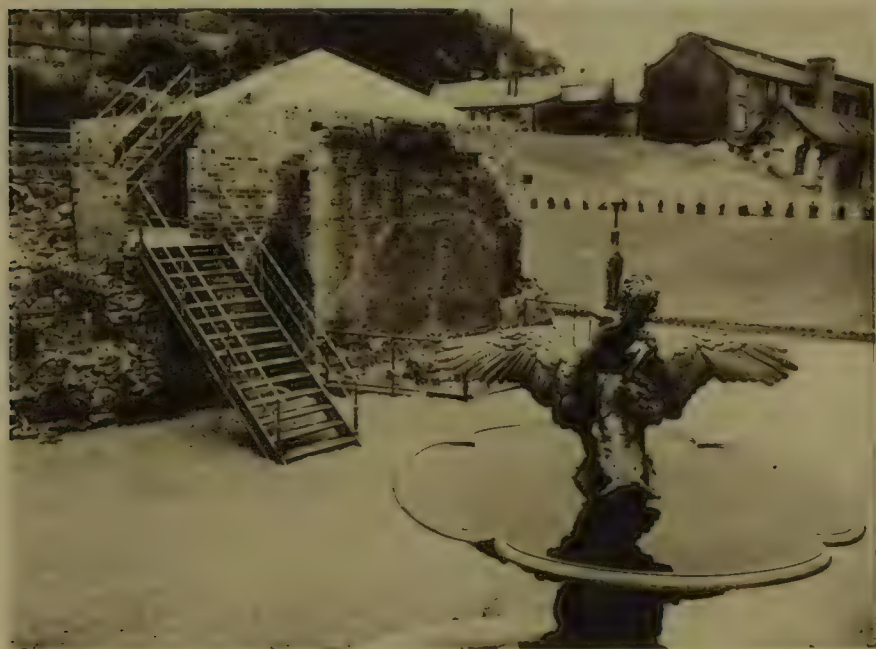


AT THE LAST NIGHT OF THE "PROMS": MUSIC-LOVERS LISTENING TO SIR MALCOLM SARGENT CONDUCT THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA IN THE CLOSING CONCERT AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL. THE AUDIENCE ENTHUSIASTICALLY SANG THE TRADITIONAL SONGS.



REPLACING AN ORIGINAL WOODEN ROOF OF 1699: THE BEAUTIFUL NEW STONE FAN VAULT RECENTLY ERECTED IN ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL.

The fine new vaulted roof in Eton College Chapel was designed by Sir William Holford. The original wooden roof of 1699 was altered in 1840, but became so eaten away by death-watch beetle that it was decided to build a new one.



WHERE COKE WAS FIRST USED INSTEAD OF CHARCOAL FOR SMELTING IRON: ABRAHAM DARBY'S FURNACE AT COALBROOKDALE, SHROPSHIRE, WHERE HE APPLIED THE REVOLUTIONARY PROCESS IN 1709. THE FOUNTAIN WAS MADE FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.



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AVOIDING A SUDDEN DOWNPOUR: A WET MOMENT DURING PRINCESS ALEXANDRA'S VISIT TO THE WAR VETERANS' HOME AT NARRABEEN, NEW SOUTH WALES.



AT SYDNEY UNIVERSITY: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA SAMPLING THE FARE AT A BUFFET LUNCHEON, WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY WOMEN UNDERGRADUATES.



WITH TWO FAMOUS SWIMMERS: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA TALKING WITH JON AND ILSA CONRADTS AFTER THEY HAD GIVEN A DISPLAY AT THE NARRABEEN NATIONAL FITNESS CAMP.

Princess Alexandra was given a somewhat high-spirited welcome by students at Sydney University, where she had a buffet lunch with women undergraduates, and attempts to get

near the Royal car led to scuffles with the police. At the Narrabeen National Fitness Camp an exhibition was given by the famous Olympic swimmers, Jon and Ilsa Conrads.



# MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN AMERICA: ASPECTS SOME INCIDENTS AT WASHINGTON,



SEPTEMBER 15: MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S ARRIVAL IN AMERICA. AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF THE HUGE TU-114, THE PRESIDENT AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV GATHER AT THE SPEAKER'S STAND.



SEPTEMBER 16: AT THE DINNER AT THE SOVIET EMBASSY. (L TO R) MR. KHRUSHCHEV, MRS. EISENHOWER, MRS. KHRUSHCHEV, THE PRESIDENT, MRS. KHRUSHCHEV, AND MAJOR JOHN EISENHOWER.



SEPTEMBER 15: SOON AFTER MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S ARRIVAL THE PRESIDENT SUGGESTED A SIGHTSEEING TOUR BY HELICOPTER AND IS HERE SEEN HELPING HIS GUEST ABOARD.



SEPTEMBER 16: ON HIS FIRST MORNING IN WASHINGTON, MR. KHRUSHCHEV, IN SHIRT-SLEEVES, APPEARS AT THE DOOR OF BLAIR HOUSE AT 7.40 A.M.



SEPTEMBER 16: AT THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL IN WASHINGTON, WHERE HE MADE A DEEP BOW. (L TO R) MR. KHRUSHCHEV, MR. CABOT LODGE, MR. GROMYKO AND MRS. KHRUSHCHEV.



SEPTEMBER 16: A CHARMING SCENE AT BELTSVILLE. A U.S. POLICEMAN LEADS A SMILING MRS. KHRUSHCHEV BACK TO HER CAR AFTER VISITING THE AGRICULTURAL CENTRE.



SEPTEMBER 16: AT THE AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH CENTRE AT BELTSVILLE. MR. KHRUSHCHEV HOLDS A LARGE WHITE TURKEY. (LEFT) MR. BENSON, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

On September 15, Mr. Khrushchev, who was accompanied by his wife, son, two daughters and son-in-law, arrived at the Andrews Air Force Base, Washington, in the giant TU-114 Russian airliner. After driving into Washington, the President, who had met his guest at the airfield, and Mr. Khrushchev had a preliminary discussion, after which President Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev had a sightseeing tour of the Washington area in a helicopter. In the evening there was a State dinner at the White House for the Russian Premier, attended by 100 persons, including the whole of

Mr. Khrushchev's family party. On September 16 Mr. Khrushchev and his wife visited the agricultural research centre at Beltsville, returning for the National Press Club luncheon, where he made his first important speech in the U.S. In the course of this he referred to an important proposal he would be making to the U.N. General Assembly. In the afternoon he visited the Lincoln Memorial and in the evening gave a dinner at the Soviet Embassy in honour of President and Mrs. Eisenhower. On September 17 Mr. Khrushchev arrived by train in New York and received a cool reception from silent crowds,

# OF A HISTORIC TOUR—THE ARRIVAL, AND NEW YORK AND LOS ANGELES.



SEPTEMBER 18: AFTER HIS SPEECH TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS, MR. KHRUSHCHEV (LEFT CENTRE) WITH HIS WIFE, LOOKING UP AT THE EMPIRE STATE TV TOWER.



SEPTEMBER 15: AT THE WHITE HOUSE ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE TOUR: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH THE REPLICA OF THE GLOBE IN THE RUSSIAN LUNAR II MOON ROCKET, WITH WHICH MR. KHRUSHCHEV (RIGHT) HAD JUST PRESENTED HIM.



SEPTEMBER 20: AT THE TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX STUDIOS IN HOLLYWOOD. (L TO R) MRS. KHRUSHCHEV, MISS ANITA LOUISE, THE ACTRESS, MR. KHRUSHCHEV AND MRS. SPYROS SKOURAS.

exceptional security precautions being taken along the route to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where he was staying. After a civic luncheon given by the Mayor, Mr. Wagner, at which he made a mainly jocular speech, he went to a reception given by Mr. Averell Harriman and in the evening attended a dinner given by the Economic Club of New York. On September 18 he paid a hurried visit to Mrs. Roosevelt and laid a wreath on President Roosevelt's grave before returning to address the General Assembly of the United Nations. After this occasion, which is reported on our front page, he made a sight-



SEPTEMBER 18: AT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE. BEFORE HIS SPEECH TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, MR. KHRUSHCHEV PAID A HURRIED VISIT TO HYDE PARK AND SAW MRS. ROOSEVELT.



SEPTEMBER 17: AT THE NEW YORK CIVIC LUNCHEON. (L TO R) RADA KHRUSHCHEV, MRS. KHRUSHCHEV, MRS. NELSON ROCKEFELLER, MRS. WAGNER, MRS. GROMYKO AND JULIA KHRUSHCHEV.



SEPTEMBER 16: AT THE NATIONAL PRESS CLUB, WASHINGTON, MR. KHRUSHCHEV MAKING HIS FIRST MAJOR SPEECH IN THE UNITED STATES.

seeing tour of New York and attended a dinner given by Mr. Hammarskjöld at the United Nations headquarters. On September 19 he flew to Los Angeles and drove straight to a Hollywood luncheon given by Mr. Eric Johnston, President of the Motion Pictures Association. While at the Twentieth Century-Fox studios he saw some of the sequences of "Can-Can." In the evening at a dinner given by the City of Los Angeles he repeated his plea for total disarmament. On September 20 he left by train for San Francisco, by way of a whistle-stop tour of California.



THIS summer marked the centenary not of an act—that was to come later—but of a principle. It is one of the noblest affirmations of charity, compassion, and the obligation of men to succour the victims of war. Had that principle and the translation into practice which shortly followed been as generally and faithfully accepted as it then was, thoughtful people would still be contemplating the scene of Solferino to-day. They would not, however, be feeling the regret and anxiety which now assails them. It was on June 24, 1859, that the French and Sardinian armies defeated the Austrians at Solferino. I will try to show why this centenary now concerns us closely, why it is "practical politics" and not merely a memory for historians.

The young Swiss, Henri Dunant, who appeared on the scene by accident, had originally no particular interest in the conflict. It was what he saw that stirred him to activity. The medical services had broken down: partly because in their constitution they were insufficient to deal with extremely heavy casualties; partly because this was the final battle and an undue proportion were

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE FRUSTRATIONS OF THE RED CROSS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

shield of neutrality for every branch of the medical services, so that if they remained with wounded until the enemy arrived on the scene their work would not be interrupted and they would be returned under a flag of truce when it was over. He demanded similar rights for ordinary civilians who succoured and tended the wounded.

These arrangements formed part of the first Geneva Convention. Their principle was generally observed by civilised nations up to and including the First World War. M. Frédéric Siordet, Vice-President of the International Committee of the Red Cross, has pointed out that this was not the case in the Second World War. The appearance of gross and savage theories of nationality had grave consequences in this respect. In some cases, indeed, those whose task it was to heal wounds

Failure to fulfil obligations assumed by highly civilised States has been frequent. Unwillingness to assume fresh obligations has been equally common. When new conventions are mooted, international lawyers, especially those who represent or are citizens of the great Powers, intervene to point out that proposals to protect at least a proportion of those endangered by new weapons are not worth putting forward because they are impracticable.

Neither these men, whose integrity is high and whose philanthropy cannot be questioned, nor their Governments, are conscious of brutality. They are borne along on the social, industrial and scientific tide. They are enmeshed in the chains of total war, waged by all the energy, labour, and material and moral resources of the State, and directed against the hostile State. Proposals such as those for cities or zones of refuge, unfortified and kept clear of troops, wherein civilians, and, above all, women and children, might be kept safe from attack, have lacked support on the plea that unscrupulous belligerents would use them to their own advantage. Such views rule out the concept of illegitimate targets held by a man like



A SCENE OF CARNAGE AND SUFFERING WHICH LED TO THE FOUNDATION OF THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS: AN EPISODE FROM THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO, 100 YEARS AGO. In the year 1859 a young Swiss, Henri Dunant, witnessed such scenes of misery during the war in Italy, and especially at the Battle of Solferino, that he determined to create public interest in providing an international and neutral medical service for wounded soldiers. The illustration on this page shows one of the scenes in the battle, with the death of Colonel Maleville, of the French Army. Captain Falls on this page discusses recent moves to undermine the vital neutrality of the Red Cross.

This engraving is reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of August 6, 1859.

in hospitals treating men wounded earlier; partly because the majority of the Austrian personnel had withdrawn to avoid being made prisoners of war, as was then the practice. So men lay out unbandaged for long periods, or if bandaged once had to wait as much as four days for further attention and a clean bandage. Festering wounds, maggots, flies, pools of dried blood, stench, filth, even hunger and thirst, were commonplaces in the churches into which the wounded had been carried.

This foreign traveller, a gentle and unassuming young man, on his own initiative organised relief by the people of Castiglione, especially women, by Austrian prisoners, lightly wounded men, and some English tourists. He uttered no reproaches then or later, no blistering comments in the vein of Florence Nightingale. But certain ideas formed themselves in his mind. It was monstrous that medical personnel of any sort should be treated as prisoners of war; they should be given a status of neutrality. This was the immediate reaction. It was as the result of pondering the question that he went on to envisage the great international organisation—and community of ideas in national organisations—which he and his fellow-workers were to found.

He never suggested that there had been any tendency on the part of the French doctors to treat their own wounded before the Austrians. On the contrary, he denied that this had been the case. What he was determined to obtain was this

became involved in mass extermination or in the search for methods to bring it about. We cannot console ourselves with the reflection that this was a horrible aberration, unlikely to occur, because there have since the war been suggestions that the fundamental principles should be pared away.

It has been claimed by the representatives of great Powers in conferences that in the direction of a war the command cannot afford to give up advantages for considerations wholly humanitarian. Regarding the work of the medical personnel, there has been a tendency to assert that the medical officer, admittedly a member of a national army, ought to take part in the national war effort. Demands have been made that medical personnel should again be treated as prisoners of war; other suggestions are that in a retreat they should leave the wounded lying on the battlefield if it is impossible to remove them and themselves withdraw with their own troops. It is true that the Diplomatic Conference of 1949 firmly maintained the principles of earlier Conventions, but this outspoken hankering after barbaric practices is none the less disturbing. If this is said in peace, what will be done in war?

Let us, however, leave the confined subject of the right and duties of medical personnel and turn to broader aspects of the alleviation of the horrors of war. Here we find that principles which remained in full force for over half-a-century after Solferino have since been weakened or disregarded.

Radetzky—whom the Italians considered harsh—when he fell back from Milan eleven years before Solferino. "What would Europe have to say, even though we are assailed in our most sacred rights, wounded in our innermost hearts, if we should degrade ourselves to the level of vandals?" Milan profited.

Thus it comes about that the International Committee of the Red Cross, while it can maintain generally its noble work in the relief of suffering caused by war, while its recommendations following inspections of the quarters of prisoners of war and concentration camps are usually accepted, is, in its larger-scale and more fundamental tasks and aspirations, continually frustrated.

I repeat, this opposition is not due to wickedness, blindness, or even pig-headedness. It is due, as its spokesmen put it, to the fact that "the safety of the State must be preserved at all cost." Here the International Red Cross must continue to fight its uphill battle. On some issues it has proved that it can be adroit, discreet, and diplomatic, and properly so. Here, however, it cannot compromise. It would lose its highly respected moral position and render itself less, not better, able to carry out its other functions were it to yield on these great issues. Such, then, is my reason for the argument, compressed and inadequate though it may be, that the centenary of Solferino is not historical dry bones but a time to reflect on the greatest problem of the world of to-day.



# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



(Above.)  
**STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.**  
ABOVE A SUNKEN WARSHIP:  
SALVAGE VESSELS TAKING PART  
IN RAISING THE *VASA*.

Excitement is mounting over the warship *Vasa*, which sank in Stockholm Harbour in 1628 and has now been raised from the 15-ft. layer of mud in which she was resting. She now lies on the sea-bed still submerged, until she can safely be floated. The *Vasa* is a two-decked ship and carried 64 guns. Thousands of descents have already been made by divers, and invaluable treasures brought up.



**FIJI ISLANDS.** FROM SUNSHINE INTO RAIN TWO MILES AWAY: THE NEW MAIN RUNWAY AT NANDI AIRPORT, WHICH HAS BROUGHT LONDON NEARLY A DAY NEARER. Jet airliners are now using the new two-mile main runway at Nandi Airport, Fiji, built by an Anglo-New Zealand combination of Taylor Woodrow (Overseas) Ltd., of London, and D. H. Waite, of Auckland. This cuts flying time to London by about 22 hours.

(Right.)  
**BARLETTA, ITALY.**  
WHERE NEARLY SIXTY PEOPLE  
DIED: THE REMAINS OF A FIVE-  
STOREY BUILDING.

A five-storey building in Barletta, near Bari, collapsed early on September 16, just after an express train had passed nearby, killing nearly sixty people. A warrant has been issued for the arrest of the designer, a young civil engineer. The building was originally just a ground-floor garage, and on top of this structure the five-storey block was erected only a few months ago.



**KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYA.** IN TRADITIONAL SILK ROBES: THE HEAD OF STATE OF MALAYA, ON HIS WAY TO INAUGURATE THE NEW PARLIAMENT OF THE FEDERATION. The Prime Minister of Malaya, Tengku Abdul Rahman, is seen walking a few paces behind his ruler on their way to Malaya's first House of Representatives. Traditional clothes were worn, in spite of Socialist objections. More recently the ruler is reported to be seriously ill.



**NICOSIA, CYPRUS.** DELIVERING STRONG WORDS ABOUT GEN. GRIVAS: ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS REJECTING A PROPOSED PUBLIC DEBATE AS A "COMEDY." Speaking to the Press on September 17, Archbishop Makarios rejected a proposal that General Grivas and he should take part in a public debate in Athens. He said he had "no desire to play the lead in a production turning the Cyprus tragedy into a comedy." He also claims a plot on his life by pro-Grivas conspirators.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



ROME, ITALY. A MONUMENT TO MARCONI, THE GREAT PIONEER OF RADIO: A TALL STELE, WITH SCULPTURED PANELS ON THE SIDES BY ARTURO DAZZI, NOW NEARING COMPLETION BESIDE THE "PERMINDEX" PERMANENT EXHIBITION. THE LOCATION IS NEAR ONE OF THE MAIN 1960 OLYMPIC CENTRES.



CAPE CANAVERAL, U.S.A. THE LAST OF THE VANGUARD ROCKETS RISING ON SEPTEMBER 18 TO PUT THE SATELLITE SHOWN ON THE RIGHT SUCCESSFULLY INTO ORBIT.



U.S.A. THE 100-LB. U.S. SATELLITE WHICH WAS PUT INTO ORBIT ON SEPTEMBER 18. THE TAPERED TUBE IS TO MEASURE THE EARTH'S MAGNETIC FIELD.

In the last twenty-one months there have been eleven attempts to put satellites into orbit by means of Vanguard rockets. On September 18 this series ended, the last attempt being the third successful one. The satellite (shown above) is a magnesium-and-glass-fibre sphere with a 26-in. tapered tube whose main purpose is to measure the earth's magnetic field and to locate pockets of dense radiation. It is expected to stay in orbit 30 to 40 years.



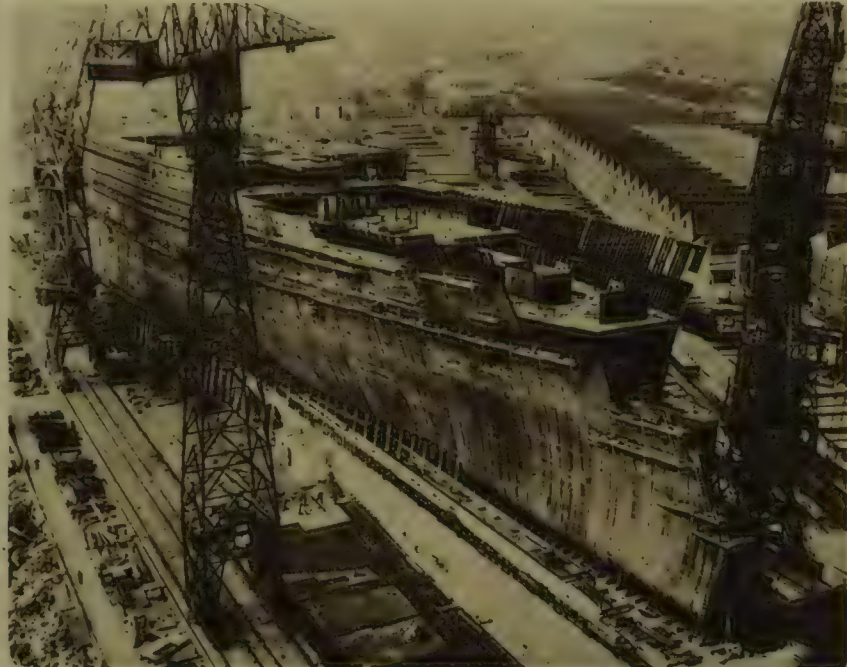
CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. SUCCESSFULLY MAKING HER FIRST POWERED FLIGHT: THE X-15 ROCKET CRAFT, PILOTED BY MR. SCOTT CROSSFIELD, SEEN OVER THE MOJAVE DESERT. The X-15, which is designed to be released from the wings of a B-52 bomber at great heights, has previously made an unpowered glide to earth. On September 17 it made its first powered flight, flying at heights up to nine miles and reaching speeds over 1200 m.p.h.



MOSCOW, RUSSIA. ALL EARS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN: FORMER RUSSIAN TEST-PILOT DMITRI ILYIN WITH THE NEW FLYING APPARATUS HE HAS CONSTRUCTED. IT HAS WINGS THAT FLAP, AND IT CAN TRAVEL AT ABOUT 65 M.P.H.



COLOGNE, WEST GERMANY. NEARING COMPLETION: THE SECOND OF THE CITY'S ROAD BRIDGES TO BE BUILT SINCE THE WAR. IT HAS AN UNUSUAL CENTRAL MAINSTAY. The Severin Bridge, Cologne, has a 62-ft.-wide carriageway which will link the city with the suburb of Deutz, on the east bank of the Rhine. The nearest other bridge is two miles downstream. The great twin spires of Cologne Cathedral are visible in the background.



SAINT-NAZAIRE, FRANCE. DESTINED FOR TRANSATLANTIC CROSSINGS IN ABOUT 1962: THE NEW 55,000-TON LUXURY LINER FRANCE UNDER CONSTRUCTION. In a bid to gain a greater share of the transatlantic passenger market, the French Line are constructing a new luxury liner, *France*, which is likely to go into service in 1962. About 1000 ft. long, she will carry 2000 passengers and succeed the *Ile de France*.



# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



**TOKYO, JAPAN.** THE CITY'S FIRST HELIPORT RECENTLY OPENED ON THE ROOF OF A DEPARTMENT STORE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE NEW SEIBU SKY-STATION TO WHICH HELICOPTERS WILL BRING FRESH FRUIT AND FLOWERS FOR THE STORE. THERE WILL ALSO BE A HELICOPTER SERVICE FOR TOURISTS.



**HOUSTON, TEXAS.** THE WORK OF A MANIAC: THE TERRIBLE SCENE AT AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AFTER A BOMB WAS EXPLODED, KILLING SIX. A maniac who walked into a school in Texas killed himself, three children and two teachers when he detonated—with a push-button—a suitcase containing high explosives. He was reported to have said, "If my daughter can't come to this school, no one can."



**OSLO, NORWAY.** AT THE OPENING OF A SHAKESPEARE EXHIBITION IN A THEATRE MUSEUM: PROFESSOR K. S. STROEM MAKING HIS SPEECH. ON THE EXTREME LEFT IS THE NORWEGIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, M. HALVARD LANGE, WITH MR. R. BEVAN.



**SALONICA, GREECE.** A CONTROVERSIAL POLITICAL FIGURE: GENERAL GRIVAS ACKNOWLEDGING THE WELCOME GIVEN TO HIM DURING HIS RECENT POLITICAL TOUR. The dispute between Archbishop Makarios and General Grivas has sharpened considerably with the General's challenge to an open debate in Athens, and with the alleged plot against Makarios. The Greek Foreign Minister, Mr. Averoff, has recently described the General as "possessed by some sort of morbid arrogance and boastfulness."



**SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.** THE 17TH/18TH INFANTRY BATTALION, THE NORTH SHORE REGIMENT, TROOPING ITS OLD COLOURS FOR THE LAST TIME: THE PARADE AT WHICH THE BATTALION RECEIVED TWO REGIMENTAL COLOURS AND TWO QUEEN'S COLOURS. CONTINGENTS FROM THIS REGIMENT SERVED IN THE SUDAN AND BOER WARS.



**PARIS, FRANCE.** PRESIDENT DE GAULLE MAKING HIS DECLARATION ON THE ALGERIAN PROBLEM AT THE ELYSEE PALACE. On September 16, President de Gaulle made his eagerly-awaited declaration on the Algerian question. The President suggested as possible solutions secession, complete identification with France, or government of Algeria by Algerians.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.

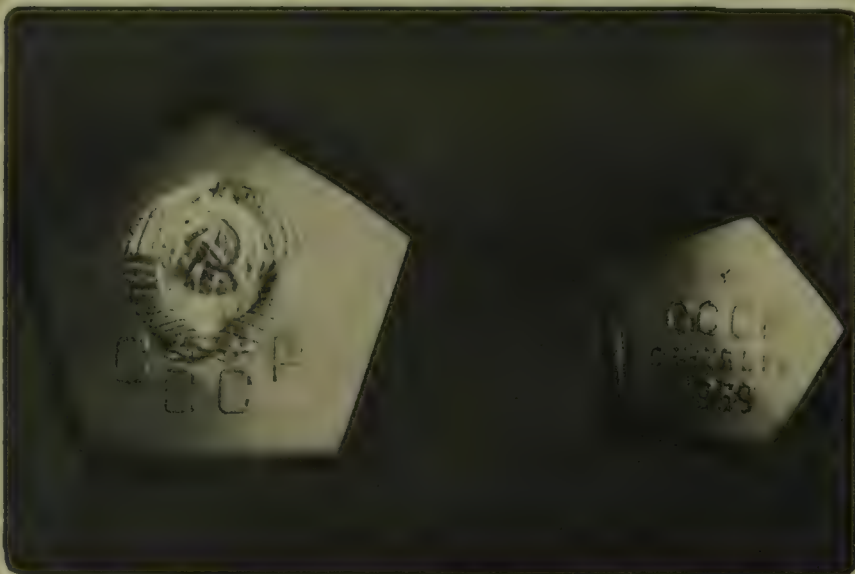


**RAVENSBRÜCK, EAST GERMANY.** AN UNVEILING AT THE CONCENTRATION CAMP: FORMER PRISONERS AT THE CEREMONY. On September 12 a memorial to the 92,000 women and children who died at the hands of the Nazis in the Ravensbrück concentration camp was unveiled. Former French inmates—seen here in their old camp dress—greeted each other amid tears and laughter.



**HONG KONG.** KAI TAK AIRPORT BY NIGHT—TO SHOW THE NEW LIGHTING SYSTEM WHICH HAS BEEN INSTALLED TO MAKE THE NEW AIRPORT OPERATIONAL 24 HOURS A DAY.

At Kai Tak Airport at Hong Kong, where the runway juts 1½ miles out to sea and owing to hills the approach is often difficult, a special approach lighting system has been installed by the General Electric Co. of England together with British General Electric Co. of Hong Kong. One set of lights is carried on towers over the city of Kowloon.



**MOSCOW, RUSSIA.** TWO REPLICAS OF THE METAL DISCS WHICH THE RUSSIAN LUNIK II HAS SCATTERED ON THE MOON, SHOWING THE U.S.S.R. EMBLEM AND THE DATE.



**MOSCOW, RUSSIA.** ONE OF THE RUSSIAN SPACE SCIENTISTS HOLDING UP A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SODIUM TRAIL EMITTED BY LUNIK II. (RIGHT) PROFESSOR TOPCHIEV. On September 14 Professor Topchiev and other Russian space scientists conducted a Press conference about the space craft *Lunik II*, which reached the moon on Sept. 12. He stated that two spheres, constructed to burst on impact, had carried metal emblems of the type shown here; and that Russia made no territorial claims on the moon.



**CHAMONIX VALLEY, FRANCE.** FOR DRILLING UNDER MONT BLANC TO MAKE A 7½-MILE ROAD TUNNEL TO LINK FRANCE AND ITALY: THE 70-TON MACHINE—AFFECTIONATELY NICKNAMED "JUMBO"—WHICH CAN CUT ITS WAY AT THE RATE OF MORE THAN 13 YARDS A DAY.



**WASHINGTON, U.S.A.** A ROYAL GUEST OF HONOUR AT A WHITE HOUSE LUNCHEON: PRINCESS BEATRIX BEING WELCOMED BY PRESIDENT AND MRS. EISENHOWER. Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands, who recently made a ten-day visit to New York on the occasion of the 350th anniversary of Dutch exploration of the Hudson River, was given a traditional ticker-tape welcome by the city on her arrival.



# THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SCENE.

"1764." By JACK LINDSAY.\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

"THE nation seems fallen into a deep sleep," Sir Samuel Romilly wrote to a friend during the earlier part of the reign of George III, and his remark was extremely apposite to the age of which it was written, for 18th-century England was apathetic in the extreme, with the exception of a few years at the beginning and at the end. The advance of the Jacobite army to Derby was regarded more as a spectacle than as a serious invasion, and the news of the surrender at Yorktown, which virtually ended the War of American Independence, hardly caused a ripple. The century, too, compares badly both with its predecessor and its successor, for it was marked neither by the religious earnestness of the one nor by the moral earnestness of the other. It

not unknown, for in September "two girls, under nine years, were committed for burglary; they had been admitted to the house by a girl of the same age." In the previous February "a woman was committed to Clerkenwell Bridewell for keeping a bawdy house in Charterhouse Lane and encouraging young apprentices. Many of them under sixteen were found in the house." Somewhat surprisingly, the use of bad language seems to have been frowned upon by authority, for we hear that "a gentleman was brought up in London on the charge of uttering eight profane oaths in a public office, and was fined 5s. an oath." It would be interesting to know what constituted an oath in the eyes—or ears—of officialdom, as well as what procedure was employed to count these offences. The penalty seems to have been the same everywhere, for at Guildford assizes "a lady of quality and distinction in the country was informed against for five oaths, for which she was obliged to pay 25s." At any rate, the sexes were on an equality where hard swearing was concerned, and this must have appealed to the contemporary champions of women's rights.

There was even a colour bar, though it would appear to have operated in reverse:

A club of negro servants held a meeting at a public house in Fleet Street; no less than fifty-seven men and women were present, and they supped, drank, and entertained themselves with dancing and music, consisting of violins, French horns, and other instruments. No whites were allowed to come in.

On the other hand, the bills of mortality tell a story which is fortunately quite unfamiliar in the London of to-day. One week's report in December gave 330 births against 531 burials, with the headings: Aged 31, Consumption 95, Convulsions 114, Dropsy 24, Fever 92, Lunatick 2, Mortification 5, Smallpox 83, Stillborn 16, Teeth 14, Drowned 1, Found Dead 1, Killed 2. Medicine was at its nadir during the latter part of the 18th century, and the Duke of Sussex, a younger son of George III, was actually flogged for asthma.

Some readers may quibble at the large amount of space which the author devotes to life in London, but he is fully justified in doing this, for in spite of the extensive decentralisation of the national activities, the capital was pre-eminent to an extent unknown before or since. It was the largest city in Western Europe, and was estimated to contain about 700,000 inhabitants, while the population of the whole country was some 6,500,000. It is true that the proportion of Londoners to the total population has since risen, but the relative importance of the capital has diminished. Until the end of the 18th century there was no other town of the first rank; York, Bristol, and Winchester were in decline, and Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool were still in the early stages of development. It has been estimated that in the 'seventies and 'eighties Liverpool had 39,000 inhabitants, Birmingham 30,000 and Manchester no more than 22,000.

The predominance of London, however, did not rest upon its size alone, but also upon its character. It was, of course, continually being recruited from

the country, but it was an entity all the same. The old mediæval city had been a community of traders, and the London that was to come was to be a mere agglomeration of individuals with no common tie. In the 18th century it was of a size that enabled its citizens to have an identity of outlook, even if it were only that from the greatest lord to the meanest beggar they thought themselves infinitely superior to the rest of the inhabitants of the country. "I will venture to say," Dr. Johnson asserted, "there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom." On another occasion he went even further, and declared that "when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life."

Little seems to have been happening in Scotland in 1764, though from time to time we get echoes of the bitter struggle that was taking place between the Burghers and the Anti-Burghers, and between both and the Established Church. In Ireland, on the other hand, the Whiteboy agitation was at its height:

In Ireland, as a sergeant, a corporal and 18 privates of the light-horse were conducting four Whiteboys to Kilkenny gaol, they were met near Newmarket by three or four hundred persons, who, armed with stones and clubs, charged and knocked several soldiers down. The other soldiers kept firing till the fallen had got up; then with one volley they killed six men and a woman, and wounded several more—four of them badly. The sergeant and corporal were killed and several privates wounded.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. JACK LINDSAY. Mr. Jack Lindsay was born in Australia in 1900 and was educated at Queensland University. A versatile author, his large number of published works include biographies of Mark Antony and John Bunyan, translations of Latin and Greek classics and many contemporary and historical novels. Among these are "Hannibal Takes a Hand," "Last Days with Cleopatra," "Rome for Sale" and "Fires at Smithfield." He gives his recreation as anthropology.



SO-NAMED AFTER A FRENCH GAME RESEMBLING CROQUET: THE LONDON STREET OF PALL MALL AS IT LOOKED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

was, in truth, a very material and brutal age, and the year, namely 1764, upon which Mr. Lindsay's choice has fallen to illustrate it was typical both in London and in the provinces.

It was a year of little men save in the world of letters, for the great leaders of the next generation were not yet upon the stage, and there was only one giant, the Elder Pitt: Fox was fifteen, Nelson was six, and the Younger Pitt was five, while Canning and Wellington were still unborn. Into this vacuum entered John Wilkes, to whose activities there are many allusions in these pages. Nations, or circumstances, make strange heroes, and there have been few stranger than Wilkes. Neither his character nor his parts entitled him to lead the country, and yet for some years "Wilkes and Liberty" was a most popular cry. The explanation of this paradox is that ministers, working through the majority they had obtained in Parliament, were endeavouring to stifle all opposition to themselves: they relied upon the backing of the Crown and the apathy of the country. Unfortunately for them there were still enough politically-minded people who were determined that the powers of the old monarchy should not be exercised by the Cabinet, even if it had the support of the House of Hanover. The blunders of ministers made Wilkes the unworthy symbol of this natural resentment.

Yet, with all his faults, he was one of the greatest wits in an age of great wits. When George III was recovering from his insanity in 1788 the Lord Chancellor Thurlow deserted once more to what he believed to be the winning side, and spoke of the favours he had received from the King. "When I forget them," he exclaimed, "may God forget me." "Forget you," commented Wilkes, "He will see you damned first." In old age Wilkes became a Tory, and as he was one day walking through Billingsgate Market he was recognised by an aged fishwife who called after him the old cry, "Wilkes and Liberty," only, however, to receive the retort, "Shut up, you old bitch: we've finished with all that." He was nothing if not a realist.

Some of the problems of 1764 sound strangely familiar to-day. Juvenile delinquency was certainly



RANELAGH GARDENS AS THEY LOOKED IN 1761, SHOWING THE ROTUNDA WHICH WAS USED FOR CONCERTS. IN 1742 THE GARDENS HAD BEEN OPENED AS A PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT. These illustrations from the book "1764" are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Frederick Muller Ltd.

It was the great age of Whiggery even if there were few great Whigs left. The rich were getting ever richer and the poor ever poorer, while the never-ceasing enclosures were destroying the yeomen, and creating a landless rural class. Just round the corner was the Industrial Revolution which was to exacerbate the existing evils, and to create further problems, many of which have not been solved in our own day. Of this England Mr. Lindsay's book is an admirable reflection.

\* "1764; the Hurlyburly of Daily Life Exemplified in one year of the Eighteenth Century." By Jack Lindsay. Illustrated. (Muller; 25s.)



## THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY TELEVISION TEAM—AND SOME ELECTION POSTERS.



APPEARING IN THE SEPTEMBER 29 PROGRAMME "FACTORY AND FARM": MR. F. J. ERROLL, PARL. SEC., BOARD OF TRADE.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, MR. HEATHCOAT AMORY, WHO SPOKE IN THE FIRST PROGRAMME—ON SEPTEMBER 19.



MISS EDITH PITT, JOINT PARL. SEC., MINISTRY OF PENSIONS AND NATIONAL INSURANCE—IN THE SECOND PROGRAMME, SEPTEMBER 23.



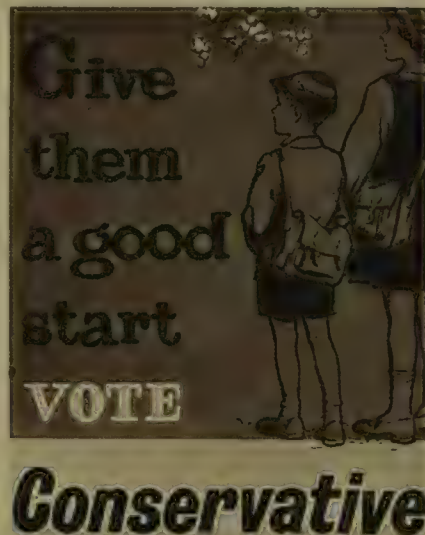
SIR KEITH JOSEPH, WHO WAS WITH MR. BUTLER AND MISS PITT IN THE SEPTEMBER 23 PROGRAMME "MILLIONS LIKE HIM."



THE EARL OF HOME, SEC. OF STATE, COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS, WHO SPEAKS IN "BRITAIN OVERSEAS" ON OCTOBER 2.



THE RT. HON. HAROLD MACMILLAN, PRIME MINISTER AND LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY—APPEARING ALONE ON OCTOBER 6, AND WITH A TEAM OF FIVE ON SEPTEMBER 19.



MR. R. A. BUTLER, HOME SECRETARY, WHO APPEARS TWICE—IN THE OPENING PROGRAMME AND ON SEPTEMBER 23.



LORD HAILSHAM, CHAIRMAN OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY ORGANISATION—ONE OF THE OPENING PROGRAMME TEAM.



MR. R. A. LENNOX-BOYD, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES SINCE 1954—IN THE "BRITAIN OVERSEAS" PROGRAMME ON OCT. 2.



MR. JOHN HARE, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE SINCE JANUARY 1958—IN THE "FACTORY AND FARM" PROGRAMME ON SEPT. 29.



MR. IAIN MACLEOD, MINISTER OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE SINCE 1955, APPEARING IN "FACTORY AND FARM" ON SEPT. 29.



MR. SELWYN LLOYD, FOREIGN MINISTER SINCE 1955, WHO APPEARS IN THE NEXT-TO-LAST PROGRAMME ON OCT. 2—"BRITAIN OVERSEAS."

The growing hold of television on the British public and their increasing reluctance to go out in the evening has made this medium one of the most important for any political party; and the intimacy of the medium has also made it perhaps the most effective and certainly the most dangerous of weapons at the command of a political campaigner. The Conservative Party television programme for the General Election was announced on September 14; and it consists of four sessions of 20 minutes, starting at 10 p.m. with a final one of 15 minutes. The first programme (September 19) entitled "The Next Five

Years" was a team affair, Mr. Macmillan being accompanied by Mr. Butler, Mr. Heathcoat Amory, Mr. Macleod, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Lord Hailsham; the second, on September 23, was entitled "Millions Like Him," with Mr. Butler, Miss Edith Pitt and Sir Keith Joseph; the third, on September 29, was concerned with "Factory and Farm," with Mr. Macleod, Mr. Hare and Mr. Erroll; the fourth on foreign affairs on October 2, entitled "Britain Overseas," was in the hands of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Mr. Lennox-Boyd and Lord Home; the final programme, October 6, being Mr. Macmillan *solus*.



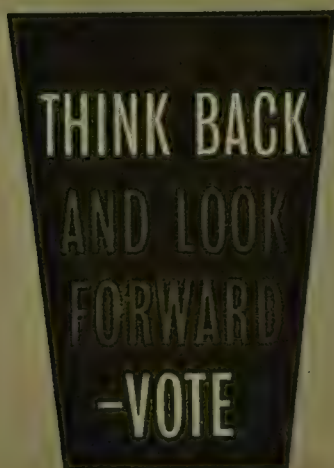
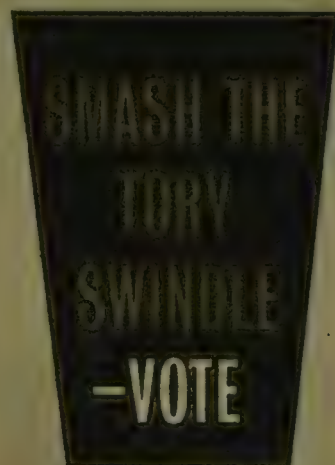
# LABOUR PARTY ELECTION POSTERS; AND SOME TELEVISION SPEAKERS.



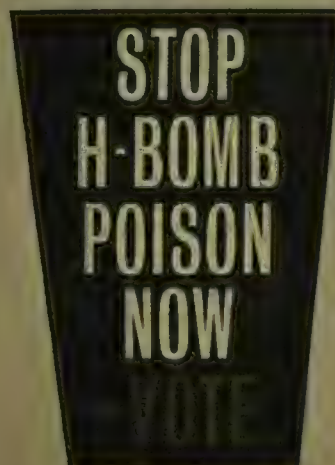
MR. R. H. S. CROSSMAN, MEMBER FOR COVENTRY EAST SINCE 1945 AND A MEMBER OF THE LABOUR PARTY EXECUTIVE SINCE 1952.



MR. ANTHONY GREENWOOD, A LABOUR M.P. SINCE 1946 AND THE SON OF THE LATE RT. HON. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, C.H.



THE RT. HON. HUGH GAITSKELL, THE LEADER OF THE LABOUR PARTY SINCE DECEMBER 1955 AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN 1950-51—AS HE APPEARS IN ONE OF THE PARTY'S ELECTION POSTERS.



THE RT. HON. HAROLD WILSON, A LABOUR M.P. SINCE 1945. HE WAS PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE BETWEEN 1947 AND 1951.



THE RT. HON. ANEURIN BEVAN, WHO HAS BEEN MEMBER FOR EBBW VALE SINCE 1929 AND TREASURER OF THE LABOUR PARTY SINCE 1956: HE IS DEEPLY INTERESTED IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS.



MRS. BARBARA CASTLE, WHO IS THE PRESENT CHAIRMAN OF THE LABOUR PARTY AND WHO HAS BEEN A BLACKBURN M.P. SINCE 1945.

Like the Conservative Party the Labour Party has also received an allocation of five television times. At the time of going to press their programme for the use of this time was not yet published and the full list of speakers and the dates and subjects of their talks were not yet available. It was, however, known that among those who would be appearing were: Mr. Gaitskell, the Leader of the Labour Party, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, its treasurer, and Mrs. Barbara Castle, who this year is Chairman of the Labour Party. Other speakers who

had been chosen were Mr. Harold Wilson, Mr. R. H. S. Crossman and Mr. Anthony Greenwood. All of these, it will be noted, are representatives of the especially parliamentary side of the party and other speakers were expected to include more specifically trade union representatives. The dates of broadcasts (all at 10 p.m.) were September 21, September 26, September 28, October 1 and October 5. The Liberal Party were to make two television appearances: on September 22 and October 3.





# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



I HAVE this year grown, for the first time, two plants which, after due consideration, I shall no longer call climbers but clamberers. For although they do, with occasional help, ascend, it is in a sprawling, grasping-at-anything kind of way ; and, like those amateur mountaineers who are always endangering other people's lives, they often need rescuing after a fall. On the other hand, they are two of the fastest-growing plants I have come across, easily covering vast tracts of wall space in one season.

The first is a Passion-flower plant, my species of this numerous genus being *Passiflora cœrulea*. I planted it at least in part as a substitute for the most glorious member of the family, which I once saw in low latitudes, the island of Hiero, I think it was, and which I have never identified with certainty, though it was probably a *P. antioquiensis* : at all events, it was growing all along and over 100 ft. of 10-ft. wall, and to the top of a large neighbouring tree, and it was completely covered with enormous flowers with scarlet petals, and crimson sepals, with jet-black centres. I have never seen anything like it since and don't expect to. However, I am very pleased with its humbler relation, which, at eleven months from being planted as a 2-ft. tall pot-plant, has now clambered 12 ft. along a wall and all over and round a 100-gallon rain-water butt, and has flowered, albeit sparsely. The flowers are 3 ins. in diameter, white-blue-purple in the characteristic formal, almost artificial arrangement.

Although for some reason I associate passifloras with Australia, in fact they all seem to come from South America or thereabouts. Their hardiness is always doubtful, and I took a chance in planting mine. Still, there is one on a house within two miles of ours, which must be very old, for it entirely and, indeed, excessively covers the house wall and is, at this moment, a splendid mass of flowers, dying and fresh, buds, and fruit, none ripe yet (I fancy the fruit rarely ripens here).

This, and one or two kindred species and varieties, is the only passiflora one sees in England now, but in the great days of gardening "regardless," of stove houses and succession houses, this clambering species was in great honour here. And not only for its beauty : the fruit was much valued, especially in the kind called granadilla. The fruits of three species at least were so-called, *P. alata*, *P. quadrangularis* and *P. macrocarpa*. According to Bunyard, the passion-fruit most commonly grown here was, however, *P. edulis* : its fruit was called sweet-cup, a purple, hard-skinned, egg-shaped fruit whose almost liquid pulp was eaten with a teaspoon.

My other fast clamberer is, as far as I can discover, even less often to be met with now than passifloras : this, given to me as a very small pot-plant by a friend, is *Eccremocarpus scaber*. The genus is a very small one, belonging to the *Bignoniaceæ*. The plant is too soft and its stems too readily broken to climb without help ; if a trellis is used, it must be threaded through occasionally, or tied ; on a support of pea-sticks, however, it seems to manage without help. It has grown some hundreds of feet this season ; the foliage (of two-pinnate leaves, leaflets being alternate, obliquely cordate, ovate, serrate) is a clear light green, the flowers, in very numerous racemes, are bright orange. Readers who are familiar with the bignonias, and I have seen three magnificent ones this year, all of them

## CLAMBERING PLANTS.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

very old plants since nobody seems to plant them now, can be given an idea of *eccremocarpus*, for it looks rather like a miniature, a "poor man's" bignonia. As to its hardiness, it is an evergreen, and may very well be cut down by frost ; it does not, however, die, but sends up fresh shoots from the ground in the following spring (quite contrary to the information about it in the R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening, by the way). In short, it behaves like a perennial herb.

A clambering plant with which I had an odd experience this year is wistaria, which, I should think, shares with magnolia the distinction of being able to put up the price of a house ! Certainly, if I were buying a house, I would readily give

perfectly good wistaria leaves, and a central growth bud, under my feet. This had appeared three years after grassing down. What had been happening underground, then ? The root must have lain, dormant but living, perhaps putting up a small tip of leaf time after time and having it cut off by the mower. At all events, I sharpened a spade, removed the turf, lifted the plant, replanted the wistaria by an east wall, new since its original planting, and kept it wet : it is flourishing, and I have saved half a guinea. Nor is this the only instance I have met with of roots refusing to die, although not allowed to put forth vegetation properly. A part of our small paddock now under apple-trees and turf, once part of the vineyard, regularly produces a little cluster of grape-vine leaves at a certain spot, which are as regularly mowed down. Up they come, time after time, but it would not be true to add "tirelessly," for I notice that the leaves grow smaller and smaller every time, and they are now tiny miniatures of vine-leaves. The roots they come from have been under turf now for three years.

I do not take much personal interest in the vegetable garden, and it is fortunate that my gardener is really interested in nothing else. Annually, I have to fight him or suffer an encroachment of his potatoes into every part of the garden ; or else the parsnips, an uneatable vegetable, but one which is honoured here because, at five years old, parsnip wine is indistinguishable from champagne, at least by me ; and much cheaper ! However, there are four jobs I do attend to myself : I look after the asparagus bed, which is not saying much, for asparagus is the least troublesome of vegetables to grow ; I look after the artichokes (globe not root), our variety being the French "Gros de Macut," at the moment ; we have had others, though never the old English cardoon which I recently saw in our doctor's garden about 9 ft. tall. And I make and plant and care for the special beds which produce our broad beans and peas in May, and sometimes early May.

Anyone who has travelled by train in France will have seen a properly managed kitchen-garden, for level-crossing keepers in France have a mysterious genius for the work. Such travellers will have noticed that a French *potager* is made into a series of raised beds of incredibly fine tilth. That is the way, and in my experience the only way, to grow really early peas and beans : I make a raised bed 5 ft. wide and 1 ft. high, on a foundation of rotten compost. Such a bed will drain away or throw off any amount of cold winter rain. Its centre is occupied by two rows of "Little Marvel" peas, planted very thick indeed and bother the pundits. On the left of them goes a row of "Winter Density" lettuce, on the right a row of "Arctic King" lettuce. The whole is then covered with a double row of the now unobtainable Boulton and Paul cloches, the best ever made. They are kept open excepting during the hardest frosts or very heavy snow. The peas and lettuces, well up by the end of September, remain green and flourishing until February and then begin to grow so fast that we always have a glut of lettuce by May and good peas in the same month. The broad beans are treated in the same way, with modifications : for them we use Chase barn cloches, which allow more headroom ; and we pinch out the growing tips of the plants in October, to force the things to turn themselves into small bushes ; they flower in March and give us good beans just before the earliest peas.



FRUIT AND FLOWERS OF THE EDIBLE *PASSIFLORA EDULIS* : "... CALLED SWEET-CUP, A PURPLE, HARD-SKINNED, EGG-SHAPED FRUIT WHOSE ALMOST LIQUID PULP WAS EATEN WITH A TEASPOON." (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

more for it if there was a really large and ancient wistaria or magnolia. I originally planted two, one to a pergola, but it died in infancy ; one in a border with a view to growing it in a spiral, to form a self-supporting "tree." That, too, was lost ; it never grew well, and seemed to have quite vanished when the border in question, due to a change in our highly flexible, or, should I say, unstable, garden plan, was grassed down to lawn.

Now that lawn is mowed with greater regularity ; if it ever misses a week and goes a fortnight unmown, it certainly does not happen twice a year. Nevertheless, walking across it two weeks ago, I was suddenly aware of a tuft of three

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# THE SACRED BULL OF TCHOGA ZANBIL: DESTROYED IN 640 B.C. AND NOW REPAIRED.

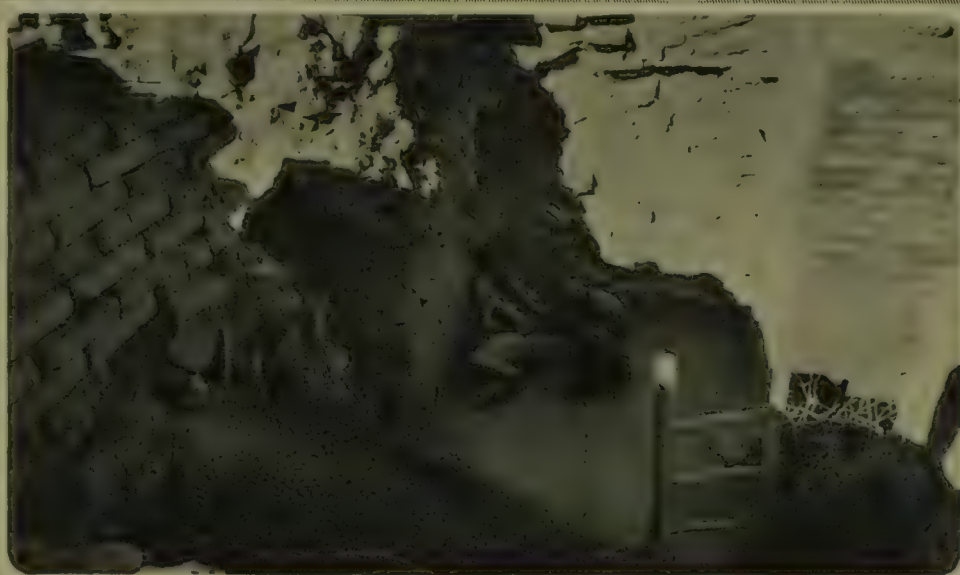


FIG. 1. THE DISCOVERY OF THE HEAD AND LEGS OF THE GREAT BULL, DURING THE RECONSTRUCTION OF ONE OF THE ENTRANCES OF THE ZIGGURAT IN THE WINTER OF 1958-59.



FIG. 2. HIDDEN AWAY BY PIOUS HANDS AFTER THE PILLAGING OF THE ZIGGURAT c. 640 B.C.: THE HEAD AND LEGS OF THE SACRED BULL.



FIG. 3. FOUND IN 1953, SHATTERED IN MANY FRAGMENTS, THE BODY OF THE SACRED BULL, AFTER RECONSTRUCTION BY MME. GHIRSHMAN. ON THE BACK IS A DEDICATORY INSCRIPTION TO INSHUSHINAK.



FIG. 4. REASSEMBLING THE FRAGMENTS OF THE SACRED BULL, WHICH HAD BEEN DASHED IN PIECES 2600 YEARS AGO: MME. GHIRSHMAN AT WORK IN THE TEHERAN MUSEUM.

In our issue of June 13 this year we published Professor R. Ghirshman's last report of his excavations of the great Elamite ziggurat of Tchoga Zanbil, and he then recorded the discovery of the head and feet of a bull, whose body he had found as long ago as 1953. Previous articles on the ziggurat have appeared in our issues of December 6, 1952; August 8, 1953; July 3, 1954; June 25, 1955; September 8, 1956; July 13, 1957. He now writes:

ABOUT 640 B.C. the Assyrian Army of Assurbanipal invaded Elam and, having sacked Susa, captured the town of Dur-Untash, the actual site of Tchoga Zanbil, the great Elamite religious centre. Its temples were pillaged; all the objects made of precious metals were carried off; everything that was not made of metal was pitilessly destroyed. A great bull of glazed terracotta, which carries on its back a long dedicatory inscription to the principal god, Inshushinak, and which guarded one of the entrances to the ziggurat, must have received a terrible blow which made its body shatter into fragments. Several dozens of these fragments were recovered by the Mission in 1953, scattered over the foot of the stairway; and thanks to the patient work of Mme. Ghirshman, the body, without head or feet, was [Continued opposite.



FIG. 5. RESTORED TO ITS PRISTINE SPLENDOUR AGAIN AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION BY THE ASSYRIAN ARMIES OF ASSURBANIPAL: THE SACRED BULL OF INSHUSHINAK, IN A HALL OF THE TEHERAN MUSEUM.

Continued.] put together in its original form (Fig. 3). Five years passed and during the winter of 1958-59 it was decided to restore the entrance before which this sacred beast had originally stood. The surprise of all the members of the French Mission can be imagined when during the cleaning of a distant recess of this entrance, there were found in a corner the head and the four limbs of the same animal (Figs. 1 and 2). Without any doubt, the broken body had been lost, but the head and the legs, which were reinforced with stout shafts of bronze, had lain almost intact after the departure of the pillagers; and it was certainly a pious hand which had gathered them together and deposited them in a secret place. Once more Mme. Ghirshman set to work and after long and patient labour (Fig. 4) she has been able to restore to this beast—which is now one of the ornaments of the halls of the Teheran Museum (Fig. 5)—the shape and appearance which it last had twenty-six centuries ago.





### H.M. CRUISER 'TIGER'

DISPLACEMENT 9550 TONS  
LENGTH O/A 555 FT. GUNS BEAM 64 FT.  
75500 SHAFT HORSE POWER, SPEED OVER 30 KNOTS  
GUNS 4 6 IN. 6 3 IN. CREW 53 OFFICERS 645 RATINGS  
BUILT AT CLYDEBANK  
COMMISSIONED MARCH 18TH 1959.

#### KEY TO TIGER

- |  |  |  |                                 |
|--|--|--|---------------------------------|
| 1. Rudder.   | 18. Port Director Tower.                                     | 35. Fans.  | 53. Captain's Quarters.         |
| 2 and 2A. Starboard Propellers.                            | 19. Starboard Director Tower.                                | 36. P.O.'s Mess.                                     | 54. Officers' Cabins.           |
| 3. Quarterdeck.  | 20 and 20A. Motor Whirlers.                                  | 37. C.P.O.'s Bath.                                   | 55. Officers' Bath.             |
| 4. 4" Y" Turret with Twin 6-in. Fully-automatic Guns.      | 21. 36 T.T. Motor Finna.                                     | 38. Annex.   | 56. Office.                     |
| 5. Fan Compartment.  | 22 and 22A. Dinghies.  | 39. Entrance.  | 57. Exgr. Mech. Mess.           |
| 6. Wardroom Ante-room.                                     | 23. 35-ft. Motor Cutter.                                     | 40. Mast Deck.                                       | 58. Bath, etc.                  |
| 7. Wardroom Dining-room.                                   | 24. 35-ft. Medium Speedboat.                                 | 41. "A" Turret with Twin 6-in. Fully-automatic Guns. | 59. Recreation Space.           |
| 8. Wardroom Pantry.  | 25. Crane.   | 42. Breakwater.                                      | 60 and 60A. Seamen's Mess-deck. |
| 9. Officers' Cabin.  | 26. Vents.   | 43. Crustaceans.                                     | 61. Stores, etc.                |
| 10. Admiral's Gallery.                                     | 27. Foremast.  | 44. Galley and Bakery.                               | 62. Office, etc.                |
| 11. Radio Room.  | 28 and 28A. Director Towers.                                 | 45. Stores, etc.                                     | 63. Gyro Room.                  |
| 12. Food Preparing Space.                                  | 29. Gunners' Control Stations.                               | 46. Laundry.   | 64. After Starboard Turbines.   |
| 13. Cooks and Stewards.                                    | 30. Band Instruments Room.                                   | 47. Office.  | 65. Auxiliary Machinery.        |
| 14. 4" Y" Director Tower.                                  | 31. Wireless Room.   | 48. Sickbay and Doctors' Hall.                       | 66. After Boiler-room.          |
| 15. Mainmast.  | 32. Sea Cabin.   | 49. Junior Rating's Dining Hall.                     | 67. Forward Starboard Turbines. |
| 16. Starboard Turret with Twin Fully-automatic 3-in. Guns. | 33. Forward Turret and Twin Automatic-controlled 3-in. Guns. | 50. Seamen's Mess-deck.                              | 68. Forward Boiler-room.        |
| 17. Boiler Room Down-takes.                                | 34. C.P.O.'s Mess.   | 51. Writers' Mess-deck.                              | 69. Auxiliary Machinery.        |
|  |  | 52. Admiral's Quarters.                              | 70. Gyro Room.                  |
|  |  |  | 71 and 72. Stores, etc.         |

## THE FIRST SHIP OF A NEW CRUISER CLASS, H.M.S. TIGER, COMMISSIONED FOR SERVICE AT CLYDEBANK ON MARCH 18: SHOWN WITH SIX PREDECESSORS OF THE SAME NAME.

There has been a long and honourable history of "Tigers" in the Royal Navy—no fewer than fifteen of them. The present bearer of the name was laid down during the last war and launched in 1945 but, with her two sister-ships, *Blake* and *Lion*, she was laid up in a state of preservation till 1954. By that time there had been so much development of new equipment that there had to be a large amount of re-planning. *Tiger* is now equipped with fully-automatic guns of very advanced design; the main armament consists of four 6-in. guns mounted in two twin turrets which are equally effective

in the surface and anti-aircraft rôles. The rate of fire of these guns is more than twice that of those of any present-day cruiser. The secondary armament consists of six 3-in. guns which are mounted in three twin turrets, and they are capable of a rate of fire comparable with the light A.A. guns of the last war. A comprehensive gun direction system enables all these turrets to be controlled by radar. The accommodation for the ship's company will be far more comfortable than in any previous cruiser. The hammock is no longer in use, and instead each man has an upholstered tubular steel framework

bunk. Plastic has been used a great deal in panelling and in table-tops, fluorescent lighting has been installed, and to add further comfort in any climate, there is a complete air-conditioning unit. The mess decks are now chiefly sleeping quarters, since only the officers' cooks and stewards eat on their own mess deck; all the other ratings eat in their own large dining halls which are chiefly on the port side. For the first time that this type of power has been used in a British cruiser, four turbo-generators, which provide over 4000 kW. of alternating current, work the air-conditioning, cooking, deck

cleaning and paint scaling as well as the television, cinema and radio installations. The main machinery consists of four geared steam turbines which take their power from four Admiralty-design boilers; it is largely automatic and can be remotely controlled. The captain controls his ship from a totally-enclosed bridge which is the first ever to be fitted on a British cruiser. So the history of "Tigers", which goes back to the first one built at Deptford in 1546, has another chapter added to the long roll. Her evolution can be studied in these pictures of six of her predecessors.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.M.A., with Official Co-operation.





THE years pass and every generation someone well qualified by a decade or so of close application reassesses the work of this or that painter, and presents him afresh to the world. Scholars have been arguing about Rubens, whether as painter or as draughtsman, for a century at least, and now, in two Phaidon publications, his drawings are described, analysed, dated and illustrated by Mr. Julius Held.

As is inevitable, a few, hitherto accepted by most people, are discarded, and one or two, once relegated to pupils or copyists, are promoted to the canon, there to remain until some other researcher, perhaps at this moment staring disdainfully at the world from his pram, in due time writes another book to prove the opposite. With Rubens as a draughtsman the task is more than normally difficult, for not only was he great enough to exercise an immense influence upon a host of pupils and followers—some of whose drawings he would touch up himself (just as Rembrandt would add a line or two occasionally to his pupils' efforts)—but he had first as pupil and very soon as collaborator a youthful prodigy who absorbed his style to an extraordinary degree—namely, Van Dyck.

But, though these problems of expertise will assuredly keep specialists happy for many years to come, they are marginal problems and not very likely to trouble the majority of us. What is valuable and exhilarating is to have nearly 200 drawings splendidly illustrated and catalogued with adequate critical notes about each. Unlike some of his peers Rubens never seems to have made drawings as an end in themselves but only as preliminary ideas for oil paintings—ideas which he would sometimes carry out years later, so that it by no means follows that if one knows the date of a painting, the date of the drawing—or drawings—used for it is necessarily the same. The book does not deal with the sketches in oil which have the character of drawings and which are so greatly admired and so fantastically expensive.

It is inevitable that comparisons should be made with the work of his younger contemporary, Rembrandt, and on this the author has nothing very new to say, but says it very well. "Rubens almost never sketched domestic subjects or scenes from everyday life. In Rembrandt's drawings we find crying babies, picturesque actors, ragged beggars. He drew the ruins of a burned building and the interior of his own studio . . . he was fascinated by the life that went on around him . . . Rubens kept the common world at arms-length, even where it concerned him most deeply. The greatest painter of Antwerp nowhere gave us a view of the town he lived in; for our knowledge of Rubens' studio we must rely on a few scattered remarks by occasional visitors." Rubens was apt to idealise everything—his patrons, his two wives, his children, himself—and this he did, not deliberately, but because it was bred in the bone.

Mr. Held appears to believe that his character, as revealed by his letters, so reserved and well-mannered, the writings of a scholar and a gentleman and a diplomat, was, at any rate, partly due to his family background. "His father had been

imprisoned, sentenced to death for adultery and only paroled through his wife's devoted efforts. Growing up in a household overshadowed by this social stigma, and in a foreign country, Rubens may never—not even as a boy—have known the relaxed unconcern of a normal situation." Then there were the years when he was a page in a noble household, later the influence of Renaissance stoicism through his friendship with Justus Lipsius, and the attitude to life epitomised by the



"STUDY FOR THE FIGURE OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS," c. 1614-15: A VIGOROUS AND IMPRESSIVE DRAWING FROM THE PUBLICATIONS ON RUBENS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. (Black and white chalk, and wash, on grey paper.) (British Museum, London.)



"PEASANT GIRL CHURNING BUTTER," c. 1618-20: A DELIGHTFUL STUDY FROM THE SAME VOLUME. (Black and red chalk.) (Chatsworth, Devonshire Collection.)

These illustrations from the publications "Rubens Selected Drawings" are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, The Phaidon Press, London.



"PORTRAIT OF RUBENS' SON NICOLAS," c. 1625-26: ONE OF SEVERAL STUDIES BY RUBENS OF HIS SON. (Red, black and white chalk.) (Vienna, Albertina.)

Juvenal quotation which he admired so much that he had it inscribed on the walls of his house: "We should pray to have a healthy mind in a healthy body, to possess strength of soul, and to be free of the fear of death; to be incapable of anger and to desire nothing." The author continues, "to be unable to check one's emotions is not only unworthy of the educated mind, it is also a sign of social inferiority."

I very much doubt whether it is reasonable to judge the mind of so great a painter from his few surviving letters or from a favourite Latin quotation;

such a man reveals himself by his pictures, not by words. It is, though, true enough that he was only really at home in what one can call good society; when he ventures to deal with the farm, it is as the Squire of Steen who happens to be a gifted painter rather than as the painter noting the movements of country folk and identifying himself with humble people. His Madonnas are not simple peasant girls but well-bred young ladies. I'm not complaining about that in the least, but the author sees in Rubens a deeply religious man. Turning over these lovely vital drawings I see a religious conformist accepting the teachings of the Church and not seriously thinking about them; if that seems unfair, compare the Rubens conception with the intense emotional tragedy expressed by the greatest of his Flemish predecessors—such a man as Rogier Van der Weyden, for example.

At times an odd adjective describes a drawing. Of all his drawings the portrait heads are wholly charming and I think deservedly popular and are known from many reproductions. There is the little boy Nicolas, all chubby cheeks and silken hair (well described "as if it had been produced by a caressing hand"). There are other children and his second wife Hélène Fourment and the first, Isabella Brant—the latter the drawing in the British Museum. Of this Mr. Held speaks of her irregular features transfigured by "a wan smile." I was so surprised by this adjective that I put the book aside and returned to it the following morning—and yet cannot understand how the smile on this highly intelligent face can be described as "wan." Humorous, understanding, affectionate—anything you like, but surely not wan?

It is certainly in this series of portraits—not all of them identifiable—that the painter allows us to guess at the warmth of his feelings without keeping us at arms-length. One or two attributions will, I think, surprise the non-specialist. I am thinking particularly of the drawing of a farm-girl with folded hands from the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam, who seems singularly un-Rubensian among her graceful neighbours. I suspect, too, that the author is straining probability overmuch when he accepts the tradition that Rubens was not really interested in landscape, quoting Oskar Fischel's remark that he painted his landscapes with his back to nature. It would surely be more accurate, on the evidence of the paintings, to suggest that he was a romantic a century-and-a-half before the term was invented. As to the landscape drawings, only nine appear to exist, all of them concerned with details, not one a composition for a complete picture. Granted that Rubens was not primarily a landscape painter, it does not seem reasonable to assume—on this negative evidence—that he never amused himself in this manner.

In the 17th century every townsman had the countryside at his back door, and the probability

is that dozens of rapid notes of the type of these nine survivors have perished together with hundreds of drawings of other subjects. There are six colour plates, including the wispy, visionary study of "Trees at Sunset" from the British Museum and the "Head" of the little boy from the Albertina, Vienna, tentatively identified as that of Nicolas, and the magnificent "Lioness" from the British Museum.

\* "Rubens Selected Drawings." Two volumes. Introduction and Critical Catalogue by Julius S. Held. Illustrated. (Phaidon; 7 guineas.)



# VICTIMS OF THEFT AND VANDALISM IN TORONTO:



"PORTRAIT OF ISAAK ABRAHAMS MASSA," BY FRANS HALS (c. 1584-1666), ONCE THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN A SELF-PORTRAIT: STOLEN FROM THE TORONTO ART GALLERY ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 14. (Oil on canvas: 32 by 26 ins.)



"A LADY WITH A HANDKERCHIEF," BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (c. 1606-1669): ANOTHER OF THE SIX VALUABLE PICTURES, VALUED AT ABOUT £250,000, WHICH WERE CUT OUT OF THEIR FRAMES BY THIEVES WHO HID UNTIL THE GALLERY WAS CLOSED. (Oil on canvas: 42 by 39½ ins.)

# SIX OF THE PAINTINGS STOLEN OR DAMAGED.



"A LADY WITH A LAP DOG," ALSO BY REMBRANDT: A VICTIM OF ONE OF THE WORST THEFTS OF ITS KIND EVER KNOWN. (Oil on canvas: 32 by 25½ ins.)



"THE RAISING OF THE CROSS," BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640): THIS PAINTING WAS ALSO STOLEN IN 1954, AND ON THAT OCCASION RECOVERED LATER IN A PUBLIC PARK. (Oil on canvas: 27½ by 52 ins.)

ONE of the most serious raids ever carried out on an art gallery took place on the evening of September 14, when thieves waited in the Toronto Art Gallery, Canada, until after it had closed, and then attempted to steal eight of the gallery's finest paintings by ruthlessly cutting them out of their frames. With six of

them they succeeded, leaving the other two behind in a slightly damaged condition after they had apparently found too much difficulty in removing them. The six missing pictures include the four top photographs on this page, and another two; Renoir's "Portrait de Claude," and Hals' "Portrait of Vincent Laurencz van der Vinne." The two damaged paintings left behind are also illustrated on this page. The motives for such a raid are not easy to understand, since the paintings would be about as difficult to dispose of for financial profit as the Crown Jewels or the Eiffel Tower. Neither can it be a case of a madman operating without any reasoned motive—as when a stone was thrown at the "Mona Lisa" or acid at Rubens' "Fall of the Damned"—since the raid was carefully and ruthlessly planned, and the stolen paintings were the most valuable in the gallery.



"THE HARVEST WAGGON," BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788): A PAINTING THAT THE THIEVES DAMAGED BUT FAILED TO STEAL. (Oil on canvas: 48 by 59 ins.)



"DÆDALUS AND ICARUS," BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641): THE SECOND OF THE TWO PICTURES DAMAGED. IT IS HARD TO UNDERSTAND THE MOTIVES FOR THIS RAID.



## A RIFLE LARGELY MADE OF NYLON—WHICH NEEDS NO LUBRICATION.



A RIFLE LARGELY MADE OF NYLON: THE REMINGTON "NYLON 66" .22-CALIBRE AUTO-LOADING RIFLE. THE STOCK AND FOREPART ARE A SINGLE PIECE OF "ZYTEL" NYLON RESIN.

IN this new Remington precision-accurate .22 auto-loading rifle, nylon and steel have been combined in a manner believed hitherto unknown in the firearms industry. The nylon components, made of Du Pont "Zytel" nylon resin, are: the bolt handle, magazine follower, magazine plug, safety device, trigger complete (with steel cap), trigger guard and the stock, which is a single piece right through from the butt to the forepart. In addition, all the moving parts ride on nylon bearings, and as nylon is self-lubricating this extraordinary rifle requires no lubrication, other than the protective oiling of the exposed steel parts. [Continued below, right.



THE BACK-SIGHT, BOLT, AND TRIGGER SECTION OF THE NYLON RIFLE. ALL MOVING PARTS RIDE ON NYLON BEARINGS AND NO LUBRICATION IS REQUIRED.



THE NYLON RIFLE UNDERGOING ONE OF ITS "TORTURE TESTS." EVEN CHOKED WITH SAWDUST THE RIFLE FIRED WITHOUT MALFUNCTION. WATER, DUST AND MUD WERE USED IN SIMILAR TESTS.



THE BUTT OF THE NEW NYLON RIFLE, TO SHOW THE FOURTEEN-SHOT TUBULAR MAGAZINE, WHICH IS REMOVED AND REPLACED THROUGH THE BUTT-PLATE.



IN ONE TEST 75,000 ROUNDS WERE FIRED THROUGH THIS RIFLE—SEVERAL LIFETIMES OF SHOOTING—WITHOUT EITHER STOPPAGE OR ANY OTHER FAILURE.



ICE SHATTERS FROM THE NYLON RIFLE AS IT IS FIRED AFTER BEING KEPT FOR SEVERAL DAYS IN DEEP FREEZE. IT WAS ALSO SUCCESSFULLY TESTED AT TEMPERATURES UP TO 252 DEG. FAHRENHEIT.

Continued.] As a result there is very little accumulation of dirt or carbon residue over long periods of firing, with the natural result of longer life and trouble-free mechanism. One rifle was tested with 75,000 rounds and no wear appeared on the nylon parts. Six others each fired 25,000 rounds without lubrication—and without wear. The total weight of the rifle, unloaded, is about 4 lb.





# THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXXV. THE ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD.



A SCENE IN THE ART ROOM: MR. R. W. SMOOTHEY (RIGHT) WITH THE SIXTH-FORM GROUP. THE SCHOOL IS KNOWN FOR THE HIGH QUALITY OF ITS WORK.



EXPERIMENTS IN CHEMISTRY BEING CARRIED OUT IN WHAT IS PERHAPS THE OLDEST SCHOOL LABORATORY IN THE COUNTRY.

Near the top of the attractive Guildford High Street stands the Royal Grammar School, which this year is celebrating the 450th anniversary of its foundation. In 1509 Robert Beekingham, a Freeman of the City of London and a member of the Grocers' Company, bequeathed his land in Surrey and Kent for the making and maintenance of a free school in Guildford. The Mayor and Approved Men took charge and in 1512 a school was built near the castle. A

successful petition to King Edward VI for money to endow the school resulted in the Royal Charter, which to-day hangs in the Chained Library. This explains the wearing of the Tudor Rose on the caps and blazers of the scholars. The present site was acquired in 1555 and the familiar three-storey building erected. The boys were taught on the ground floor, now the library, containing the headmaster's chair, ushers' desks, and original [Continued overleaf.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.



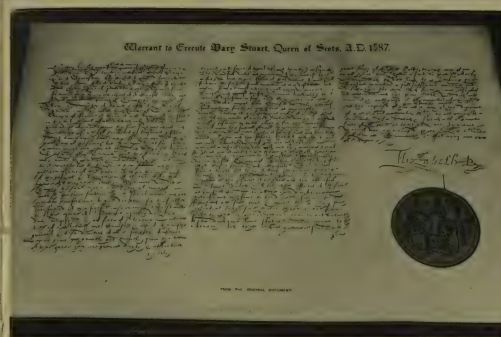
## THE ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD CELEBRATING ITS 450TH ANNIVERSARY.



WITH DISTINGUISHED NAMES ON ITS FINE BEAMS AND WITH LATIN EXHORTATIONS ON ITS WALLS: A CLASSROOM IN THE OLD SCHOOL.



COMMANDED BY LIEUT-COLONEL J. F. BURNS, O.B.E.: THE COMBINED CADET FORCE ON PARADE. IT HAS A FINE RECORD IN SMALL-BORE SHOOTING.



A COPY OF THE EXECUTION WARRANT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, WHICH IS KEPT IN THE CHAINED LIBRARY WITH SOME SPLENDID SPECIMENS OF EARLY PRINTING.



MORNING PRAYERS IN THE BIG SCHOOL HALL. NAMES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE CONNECTED WITH THE SCHOOL CAN BE SEEN ON THE RAFTERS.



A SCENE OF CONCENTRATION AND HARD THOUGHT: AN INTER-SCHOOL CHESS MATCH, BEING PLAYED BY BOYS OF ALL AGES.



TIME BETWEEN LESSONS BEING SPENT IN EARNEST CONVERSATION AT THE BACK OF THE OLD SCHOOL BUILDINGS.



THE HEADMASTER, MR. M. D. HALLOWES, LIEUT-COLONEL BOWEY (EXTREME RIGHT) AND A GROUP OF BOYS ON THE HEADMASTER'S LAWN.



A JUNIOR CLASS MAKING STRANGE AND COLOURFUL MODELS: WORK IS OFTEN DISPLAYED IN SHOP WINDOWS IN THE TOWN.



SEEN DURING A LATE STAGE IN ITS CONSTRUCTION: A NEW SCHOOL BUILDING, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN COMPLETED.

*Continued* panelling, whereon generations of pupils have carved their names; they ate in the Big Schoolroom above, now used for assembly; they slept in a long garret above the beams which bear the names of benefactors and famous Old Boys. Wings were added by John Austen in 1569 and by William Hamonde in 1571, and these were later joined to form a gallery, with the main entrance to the Quadrangle below. Additional buildings were erected in the 19th century. In 1573 an Old Boy, John Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich, gave his books to the school and the Chained Library was housed in the gallery. There are some splendid specimens of early printing, the earliest dated 1478 from the presses of Venice and Cologne. An early Caxton has disappeared, but there is Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," written while he was a prisoner in the Tower. Taken from the bindings of early books are some old manuscripts on parchment and two copies of Henry VIII's proclamation ordering the Bible to be fixed in every church. The statutes governing the school were not drawn up until 1608. Lessons started at 6 a.m. and ended at 5 p.m. *[Continued opposite.]*



A NOBLE FACADE IN GUILDFORD'S HIGH STREET: THE FRONT OF THE SCHOOL, BUILT IN THE 16TH CENTURY. Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

*Continued.* Scholars had to pay for brooms, candles and hich-rods. Their number was restricted to 100. Only Latin was allowed to be spoken in the senior forms. The school is proud of its association with the game of cricket. In 1598, during a lawsuit over a piece of land, John Derrick declared that fifty years before, "when he was a scholar in the free school of Guildford, he and several of his fellows did run and play there at cricket and other plaies." This is the very first appearance of the word "cricket," and the document is preserved in the town archives. The Big Schoolroom contains memorials to the 154 Old Boys who fell in the world wars. There are also Latin mottoes on the walls. In 1909 the Officers' Training Corps, now known as the Combined Cadet Force, was formed and it has a fine record in small-bore shooting. Like many other old foundations the school has its ghost, a huntsman who rides in the grounds at Christmas. Among famous Headmasters, in addition to Mr. Cole and his son, there have been Dr. Merriman, Mr. Honeybourne and Mr. Green. In *[Continued overleaf.]*



A CLOSER VIEW OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE IN THE HIGH STREET, THROUGH WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE INNER COURTYARD.



# THE ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD: OLD AND NEW JOYS.



THE FAMOUS CHAINED LIBRARY: EACH BOOK IS LINKED TO THE SHELVES AND MANY OF THEM ARE PADDED WITH OLD MANUSCRIPTS.



WITH MODELS AND DOLLS MADE BY THEMSELVES, BOYS LEARN HOW TO OPERATE PUPPETS, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MR. SMOOTHEY.



THE ANCIENT ART OF POTTERY: YOUNGER MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL PUT SOME FINISHING TOUCHES TO WORK OF STRIKING MODERN DESIGN.



PROUD POSSESSIONS OF THE SCHOOL: TWO CRICKET BATS, OF 1729 AND 1767. IT WAS IN GUILDFORD—IN 1598—THAT THE GAME WAS FIRST MENTIONED.

*Continued* recent years the Powell family have been generous benefactors; among their gifts are the playing-fields, known as the Parkhurst. Famous Old Boys include George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury; Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons from 1728 to 1761; Sir Stephen Gaselee, said to be the original of Mr. Justice Stareleigh in "Pickwick Papers"; Admirals Lord Mark Kerr, Sir Thomas Byam Martin and Sir Edward Hamilton, prototype of Hornblower; John Russell, R.A., and more recently Sir E. Rock Carling, Professor A. O. Rankine and Professor M. H. L. Pryce. Recently

the school was in danger of losing its old buildings but has retained them; additional premises are being erected opposite the old in the redevelopment of Upper High Street. The Headmaster, Mr. M. D. Hallows, M.A., succeeded the late Mr. A. J. B. Green in 1947. The Deputy Head, Mr. A. F. Buckley, followed Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Bowey, who has been at the school for forty years. Mr. Laurence Powell is Chairman of the Board of Governors, on which are eight Old Boys. On Oct. 28 the Bishop of Guildford will preach at a service to mark the 450th anniversary of the school's foundation.

*Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.*



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**A NOTABLE SCIENTIST:**  
**THE LATE SIR IAN HEILBRON.**  
Professor Sir Ian Heilbron, F.R.S., who died on September 14 at the age of seventy-two, made outstanding contributions to the study of the chemistry of the vitamins of the A and D groups. From 1939 to 1942 he was scientific adviser to the Department of Scientific Research of the Ministry of Supply. From 1942 he was an adviser to the Ministry of Production.

**TO BE DIRECTOR GUIDED WEAPONS RESEARCH: MR. A. CHRISTMAS.**  
It was announced by the Ministry of Supply on September 17 that Mr. A. N. Christmas had been appointed Director of Guided Weapons Research and Development (Techniques). Mr. Christmas joined the Government service in 1937. Since 1954 he has been a superintendent at the Armament Research and Development Establishment at Fort Halstead, Kent.

**CREATED A LIFE PEERESS: DAME FLORENCE HORSBRUGH.**  
Dame Florence Horsbrugh, who recently became a life peeress in the Dissolution honours, has had an outstanding parliamentary and Ministerial career. She became Conservative Member for Dundee in 1931 and after losing her seat in 1945 she returned as Member for Moss Side, Manchester. From 1951-54 she held the position of Minister of Education.

**ELECTED CHAIRMAN OF CUNARD: SIR JOHN BROCKLEBANK.**  
Born in 1915, Sir John Brocklebank was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and joined the board of Cunard in 1951. Elected deputy chairman in 1953, he now succeeds the late Col. D. H. Bates as chairman of the boards of the Cunard Steam-Ship Co., Ltd., and Cunard White Star, Ltd. Sir John also holds the position of deputy chairman of Martins Bank, Ltd.

**A WINNER OF EVERY AWARD: FLYING OFFICER F. FLOOD.**  
Flying Officer F. Flood, who is thirty-four, and who was commissioned from the ranks, finished top in every subject at the end of a twelve-month navigation course. He is seen here at the passing-out parade at Thorney Island Air Station, Hampshire. He will join Coastal Command as a navigator. He gained marks of over 80 per cent. in all examinations.



**THE SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN FEDERAL REPUBLIC: DR. LÜBKE TAKING THE OATH IN BONN. DR. ERHARD AND DR. ADENAUER ARE STANDING ON THE LEFT.**

Dr. Heinrich Lübke was formally installed as President of the Federal Republic in a ceremony in Bonn on September 15. He replaces Professor Heuss. The new President thanked his predecessor for his example and for the traditions he had established.



**THE INSTALLATION OF A GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA: CHIEF JUSTICE PATRICK KERWIN HANDING GENERAL VANIER A BIBLE FOR THE TAKING OF THE OATH.**

On September 15, at a ceremony in the Senate Chamber of the Houses of Parliament, Ottawa, Major-General George Vanier was sworn in as the nineteenth Governor-General of Canada. He is the first French-Canadian to hold the office.



**CREATED A LIFE PEER: MR. HERBERT MORRISON, FORMER DEPUTY LEADER OF THE LABOUR PARTY.**  
Mr. Herbert Morrison, who has retired from the House of Commons—where he has sat since 1923, except for a break lasting from 1931 to 1935, has been created a life peer in the Dissolution honours. Mr. Morrison held his first Cabinet post in the Labour Government of 1929 to 1931, when he was Member for South Hackney. He was Minister of Transport from 1929 to 1931, and Minister of Supply in 1940. In 1951 he was Foreign Secretary.



**WINNERS OF THE SINGLES TITLES IN THE U.S. NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS AT FOREST HILLS: MISS MARIA BUENO AND MR. NEALE FRASER WITH THEIR TROPHIES.**  
In the U.S. National Championships, held at Forest Hills, New York, Miss Maria Bueno, this year's Wimbledon champion, decisively beat Miss Christine Truman by 6-1, 6-4, in forty-two minutes. In the men's singles Neale Fraser beat Alex Olmedo, this year's winner of the men's singles title at Wimbledon, by 6-3, 5-7, 6-2, 6-4.

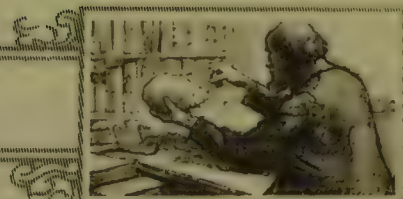


**TO RETIRE AS SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: MR. W. S. MORRISON.**  
Mr. W. S. Morrison, who is resigning as Speaker of the House of Commons after eight years of distinguished service, is seen here in his room at the Houses of Parliament. Before the House of Commons was dissolved a resolution thanking Mr. Morrison for his services was passed, and Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Macmillan were among those who bade the retiring Speaker farewell. It is expected that Mr. Morrison will receive a peerage after the forthcoming general election.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



**TOADS** again : and not everybody wants to read about toads and tadpoles, but there have been several letters in response to my discussion of the problem of toads found in stones, and they are worth putting on record. Indeed, it is clear from these not only that toads do peculiar things, but that the stories of toads being found in stones and rocks must be accepted. The only part of the story that must be rejected is that the imprisoned toads are of great antiquity.

The first letter, from Mrs. Cartmell, of Wroxham, Norfolk, reads :

When I came to this house twelve years ago the garden had been much neglected. The soil here forms a hard crust on the surface if left undisturbed, and when trying to dig a bed under a hedge I found a crust about 3 ins. thick, through which I had a hard job to drive my spade. In spite of this, to my astonishment I shortly dug up a live toad, and before I had finished I dug up five others. They were small and thin (quite flat!) but rubbed their eyes and crawled away at once. I can only suppose that they dug themselves in to hibernate and that the crust formed over them and they could not get out. It was known that the bed had not been dug for five years and it might have been longer.

A somewhat different situation is recalled by Mr. A. Osman, M.I.O.B., of Cobham, Surrey :

Eighty-odd years ago I lived at a village called Winkfield, in Berkshire, where my father was a builder, and in those days builders converted quite a lot of their own timber. For several weeks each year, a father and son, sawyers, used to be employed sawing-up trees into planks on a timber-built saw-pit. The father was top man and the son underneath. One day, when sawing along an oak-tree trunk, the son noticed blood dropping down the saw and was afraid his father had got his foot in the way of the saw. On being assured this was not so, they continued the sawing and when the trunk was parted they found a fair-sized hole, close to the foot of the tree, and a toad sawn in two. A quite small hole about 1-in. in diameter led to the larger hole, so the toad must have got in while quite small and lived there until fully grown, though what time that took I do not know. I presume that enough water and insects got in through the small hole to keep the toad alive and able to reach full size. I was about five or six years old at the time, but it was a marvellous incident to me and I recall it perfectly. [I might add that I was not supposed to be on the spot as my mother did not approve of the robust language of the two sawyers.]

This somewhat macabre incident has this significance, that the toad was unable to escape. There was no question of its hopping away, to produce either an optical illusion or some doubt as to what had taken place. The prison had become quite literally the death-cell, and the evidence was there that the toad had really occupied this cavity in the tree.

The third letter is from Mr. Alfred Newman, of Walmer, Kent :

In the early spring of 1923 I was engaged together with two or three other men digging out sandstone gravel . . . the place we were working in was a very old gravel pit and we had to break a new face to work on. We had been digging out the sandstone rock and breaking it up for several days when one of us split off a piece weighing anything up to a hundredweight. On the bare face of the wall where it came from, which was not less than 18 ft. from the ground-level above, there was a perfectly round hole a little larger than a tennis ball and in this hole was a toad. It was motionless as if it was in a trance or a coma. Its eyes were dull and it was a rose-peach pink in colour. After we had called our friends from the house to look at it we carefully placed it in an old tin trunk which was in the pit amongst some other rubbish dumped, and watched it come to life. After about 3 to 4 hours it began to

### THE VERSATILE TOAD.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

change colour and by the next morning began to show signs of life. On the second day it was almost its natural brown colour and was moving about. On the third day it was quite lively, and on the fourth day we turned it loose.

Whilst digging we came across several wide cracks and some quite large holes anything from the size of a ball to places one could put a foot and leg into. These

sand eventually became compacted, and the toad hatched out in the warm sand and continued to live in a coma until we eventually opened up its prison. It may be that some sort of insect life or worms may have provided it with food from time to time, because it was fully grown.

My attention has also been drawn to the reminder in J. S. Weiner's book, "The Piltdown Forgery," of "a petrified toad in what is actually a hollow nodule of flint" in the Brighton Museum. "... the toad when young must have got into the nodule through a small hole and found enough insects to enable it to grow until it became too large to get out again."

From these examples it is evident that toads may be found below ground, imprisoned, for two reasons: that they dig down or can find their way down, become incarcerated, and spend the rest of their lives in a cavity from which there is no escape. The episode recounted by Mr. Osman shows also that the living tomb may not necessarily be below ground. It is worth recalling, therefore, how much skill toads possess in digging and in climbing. In the "Zoologist" for 1943, W. Thompson records :

On looking into a pit one day in the early part of November, I was surprised to see a number of toads and a vast quantity of loose sand in motion. On turning it over with a spade I found numbers of toads working themselves into it. The sand in its natural bed is replete with thin laminæ of hardened sand. I observed several of the larger toads climbing the perpendicular sides of the sand-pit by clinging to these laminæ by their claws, some to the height of 3 ft. from the bottom. When they found two laminæ sufficiently wide to suit their purpose they proceeded to rake out the soft sand with one hand while they held on with the other, relieving themselves by changing hands; in this way they soon effected a lodgement and then rapidly worked out of sight, turning the sand they excavated behind them and thus burying themselves to a depth of 18 ins. from the face. In the spring they came out, leaving their holes open, which were taken possession of by the Martins.

Malcolm Smith has brought together, in his "British Amphibians and Reptiles," a number of instances of climbing :

They are good although laborious climbers and the tenacity which they exhibit in order to overcome an obstacle is remarkable. . . . One is recorded climbing a smooth wall to reach a hole 6 ft. above the ground, fitting its body into the angle formed where the two sides met and taking advantage of every slight projection on the bricks to raise itself. The whole performance occupied an hour. . . . A most unusual retreat chosen by a toad was a small sheltered platform of leaves in a privet hedge about 4 ft. above the ground, where it remained in residence for several months. . . . Another toad is recorded living for some time in a deserted bird's-nest built in a hedge.

These abilities to dig and to climb are somewhat unexpected in an animal whose build does not suggest a talent for doing more than moving slowly over the ground or for swimming. It may have been the trick of turning up in odd places that contributed to the toad's evil reputation in times past. Certainly from what we now know of it, there is no need to be surprised at anything we may find, below ground or above it. It seems possible, therefore, that if young toads have the same impulse to explore as the adults, there is little need to

suppose that they are necessarily washed down into cracks and crevices in the earth. On the other hand, Mr. Newman's suggestion that heavy rains could later fill up the crack with sand is worth remembering, for it would explain the seeming miracle of finding toads in cavities with no visible means of entry.



IN A HOLE IN THE GRASS ABOUT 8 INS. DEEP: A COMMON TOAD DEMONSTRATING THAT SUCH CREATURES LOVE TO FIND A PERMANENT RESIDENCE IN A SECLUDED PLACE. SOME DIG THEMSELVES MANY FEET INTO THE GROUND.



TURNING UP IN SOME VERY ODD PLACES: THE TOAD, WHOSE APPEARANCE DOES NOTHING TO SUGGEST THAT ALACRITY IS ONE OF ITS QUALITIES; AND YET TOADS HAVE SHOWN THEMSELVES EXPERT DIGGERS AND CLIMBERS. DR. BURTON ON THIS PAGE CONTINUES HIS INVESTIGATIONS OF THEIR UNUSUAL HABITS.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

were caused apparently by water soaking down through the sandstone after heavy rains, and they were like the hole we found the toad in, perfectly smooth all round. My theory was, and still is, that the toad was washed down in one of these water-courses as "spawn" from the moors above and lodged in the hole at the side of the water-course. After this, loose sand was washed down, completely sealing this hole, and this



# FROM A PIT DISASTER TO A BURGLARY KIT: SOME RECENT HOME EVENTS.



AFTER UNVEILING "THE NEIGHBOURS": ALDERMAN J. C. BARNES, MAYOR OF ISLINGTON, SPEAKING TO A SMALL ASSEMBLED AUDIENCE AT THE QUADRANT ESTATE IN ISLINGTON.

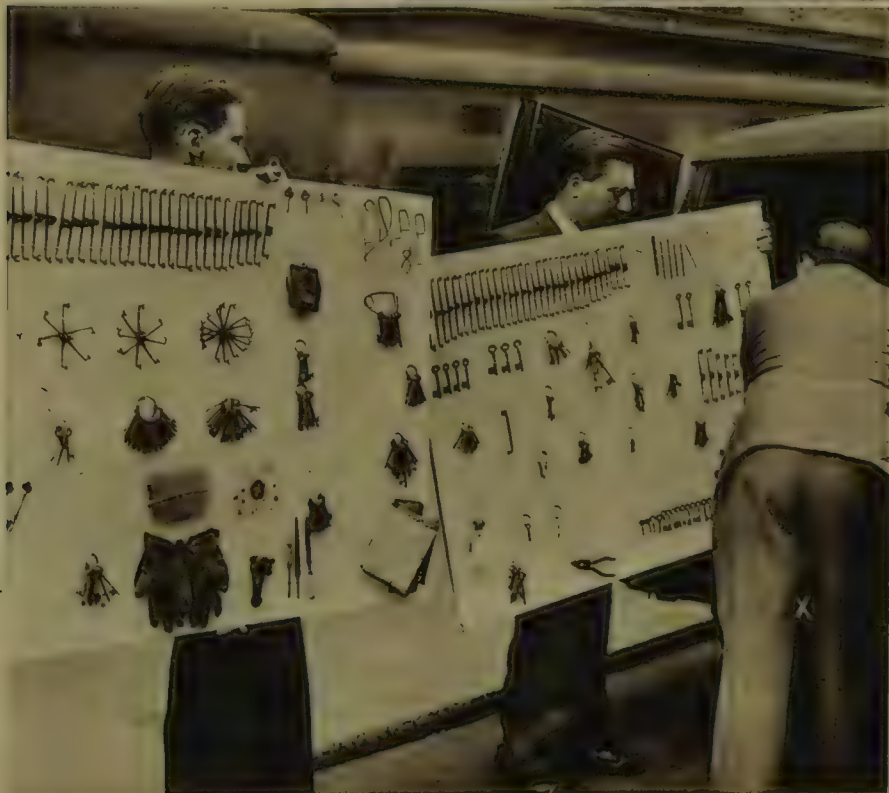
Mr. Siegfried Charoux' statue "The Neighbours" was formally unveiled at the Quadrant Estate, Islington, on September 15. It has been erected under the L.C.C.'s scheme for providing works of art for housing schemes. Mr. Charoux is sitting next to his wife facing the camera on the right. Recently a life-size statue of a blind beggar and his dog was badly damaged in Market Square, Bethnal Green. It is the work of the Chelsea artist, Miss Elizabeth Frink. Police believe a gang of youths to be responsible.

(Right.) ONCE THE DERBYSHIRE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, AND NOW RE-EMERGING FROM THE DIMINISHED LADYBOWER RESERVOIR, DERBYSHIRE: DERWENT HALL.

The submerged villages of Derwent and Ashopton, in Derbyshire, continue to "surface" as a result of the long recent drought. This photograph shows a general view of the Derwent Valley and Ladybower Reservoir, with its 40-ft. drop in water-level, and the ruins of the 17th-century Derwent Hall. One man, Mr. Aaron Thorp, hopes to recover his favourite gate-posts, left behind in 1940.



ABOVE AN UNDERGROUND SCENE OF DISASTER: FAMILIES AND FRIENDS OF TRAPPED MINERS STAND ANXIOUSLY ROUND THE PITHEAD AT AUCHENGEICH COLLIERY, CHRYSTON, LANARKSHIRE. Forty-six miners have died as a result of a fire outbreak in Auchengeich Colliery, in the worst pit disaster known in Scotland for seventy years. Only one of the trapped men managed to escape. The miners were riding towards the work face 1000 ft. below ground when they detected smoke, which spread quickly in the return airway and trapped them.



(Left.) THE "DO IT YOURSELF" BURGLARY KIT OF THE "KING OF THE TWIRLERS" BEING LOADED INTO A VAN AFTER ITS OWNER HAD BEEN SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS IN PRISON.

The private collection of Mr. Leonard Minchinton included 184 skeleton keys and innumerable ingenious devices which their owner used to sell or hire to burglars. Being sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, he was told, "Undoubtedly you are a man of some misplaced ability."

(Right.) VOICING HIS ALARM OVER UNFAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS: THE RAVEN KALA II BEING GIVEN TO THE TOWER OF LONDON RAVEN MASTER BY THE NATIONAL TRUST CORNISH COASTAL WARDEN.





## A DEBUT AND A SWAN-SONG—AND OTHER RECENT EVENTS IN THE AIR.



WINGS OVER THE WHITE LION OF WHIPSDADE: FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT B. B. SHARMAN, WHO WON THE THIRD ANNUAL GLIDER AEROBATIC COMPETITION AT DUNSTABLE DOWNS, BEDFORDSHIRE.



ACCEPTING THE FIRST OF THIRTEEN CANBERRA AIRCRAFT FROM LORD CALDECOTE ON BEHALF OF THE NEW ZEALAND AIR FORCE: MR. G. R. LAKING (RIGHT) AT WARTON AIRFIELD, LANCASHIRE. THEY WERE TO BE FLOWN OUT BY NEW ZEALAND CREWS.



A REMINDER OF TIMES OF HARDSHIP AND HEROISM: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE PARADE AFTER THE ANNUAL BATTLE OF BRITAIN THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



WATCHING THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN FLY-PAST FROM HORSE GUARDS PARADE: THE PRIME MINISTER AND MR. GAITSKELL WERE AMONG THE MANY THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS. This year's Battle of Britain fly-past on September 20 was a particularly moving and sad one, since it was the last occasion when the famous *Spitfire* and *Hurricane*, heroes of the battle, would lead it. As it turned out, the ending of an era was a dramatic one, since the *Spitfire* crash-landed ten minutes later.



A LUCKY ESCAPE: AN AIR FRANCE SUPER-CONSTELLATION AIRLINER WHICH MADE AN EMERGENCY LANDING AT SHANNON AIRPORT ON SEPTEMBER 19 AFTER ONE OF ITS FOUR PROPELLERS WAS TORN OFF 400 MILES AWAY AND BECAME EMBEDDED IN THE FUSELAGE.



AN IGNOBLE BOW AFTER A FAMOUS CAREER: THE SPITFIRE WHICH LED THE ANNUAL BATTLE OF BRITAIN FLY-PAST FOR THE LAST TIME AND THEN CRASH-LANDED NEAR BROMLEY. Fate has been unkind to the *Spitfire*. No aircraft has helped Britain more, yet its swan-song was a tragic one when, after leading the fly-past for the last time, it crashed on to a sports ground. But no one was seriously hurt, not even the pilot, Air Vice-Marshal H. J. Maguire, and it was fitting that even at the last the *Spitfire* broke a middle-stump clean in two.



## TWO LAUNCHINGS; A FAST NEW WARSHIP; AND AN ADMIRAL'S VISIT.



LAUNCHING BRITAIN'S LARGEST TANKER, THE 50,000-TON *BRITISH QUEEN*: THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH SIR JAMES McNEILL, AT JOHN BROWN'S SHIPYARD, CLYDEBANK.

On September 16, at John Brown's Shipyard, Clydebank, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother launched the tanker *British Queen*, which has been built for the British Petroleum Company. She is the largest vessel to be launched on the Clyde since the *Queen Elizabeth* first entered



SLIDING DOWN THE LAUNCHWAYS TO ENTER THE WATER FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE GREAT NEW BRITISH PETROLEUM TANKER, *BRITISH QUEEN*.

the water there twenty-one years ago, and has a capacity of 16,000,000 gallons of oil. The Queen Mother was cheered by thousands of shipyard workers as she performed the ceremony. After the launching she received a red leather casket containing a diamond brooch.



THE FIRST OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S *BRAVE* CLASS OF WARSHIPS, BELIEVED TO BE THE FASTEST IN THE WORLD: *BRAVE BORDERER* SHOWING HER PACES.

*Brave Borderer*, the first of the "Brave" class of warships, has a speed exceeding 50 knots and is powered by three Bristol *Proteus* marine gas-turbine engines. She is equipped with four 21-in. torpedoes and one 40-mm. Bofors. This extremely fast craft, thought to be at present the fastest in the world, can be adapted for use as a gunboat.



BRITAIN'S MOST MODERN CARRIER SEEN OFF SPITHEAD: THE 30,000-TON H.M.S. *VICTORIOUS*, FLAGSHIP OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER SQUADRON, MAKING GOOD WAY.

When *Victorious* returned from her visit to the United States in August, she had brought back a record number of forty-nine prospective bridegrooms, three of whom are officers. All are to be married this month, when the entire ship's company goes on leave in two periods of a fortnight.



AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT FRIGATE FOR THE INDIAN NAVY LAUNCHED IN THE TRADITIONAL INDIAN MANNER OF BREAKING A COCONUT OVER THE BOWS: *BETWA*, BUILT BY VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS, SEEN BEFORE SHE ENTERED THE WATER AT THE NAVAL YARD AT WALKER-ON-TYNE.



GATHERED ROUND A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: THE SHIP'S COMPANY OF THE PAKISTAN DESTROYER *TIPPU SULTAN* LISTENING TO ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET EARL MOUNTBATTEN, CHIEF OF DEFENCE STAFF, DURING HIS VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH ON SEPTEMBER 14.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## AS THEY LIKE IT

By J. C. TREWIN.

I AM writing at the end of an extraordinary day in the west of Pembroke-shire. The sky from early morning was what the poet meant by his "azure fields of air"; the sun was what crowds, fashion-led, go dutifully to the Continent to seek. At night the moon, moving towards the full (and apparently unconscious of rockets), has blanched in intense silver-white this remote, 'spacious land, its pastures and its castles, its upland moors, its beaches wide and empty.' Outside now, the country seems to shine with white fire. I have not known a September day and night of so much lustre: moreover, a curious lonely lustre, for it is at summer's ultimate ebb. This enchanted country is left to its own peace, at St. David's where the concealed Cathedral lifts its tower, at the fiord of Solva, on the sands of Newgale that brush along the rim of St. Bride's Bay, by the crag-borne castle of Roch, by Manorbier on one coast or the ridge of Carn Llidi close to another, or the inland Precellys that are always the county's backcloth.

On this lustrous, lonely day in Wales I have thought of a writer about whom one could use those epithets: the Irish dramatist, Sean O'Casey, whose work glows from either the page or the stage, and whose loneliness is the loneliness of genius: not a word to be thrown off trivially. He has just returned to the London theatre in a play he wrote ten years ago, the fantastic allegory—I think the description serves—of "Cock-a-doodle Dandy": he dedicated its text to James Stephens, "the jesting poet with a radiant star in 's coxcomb." O'Casey, as we know, has had no luck in recent years. It is the oddest fate that has denied to the professional West End stage such work as "Purple Dust," "Cock-a-doodle Dandy," and "The Bishop's Bonfire."

With "Cock-a-doodle Dandy" the English Stage Company—and I find myself startled as I write the words—has given to O'Casey a new chance which is just plain justice for the most imaginative theatre-man of our period: a dramatist of passionate honesty and a surpassing gift of language. The present play asks for so much in production that its neglect may be less remarkable than we think; but George Devine has shown that the problems can be tackled simply, swiftly, and cunningly.

The piece is a downright attack upon repression and insensitive rigidity. We find its note in the words: "Praise the good things life can give!" O'Casey's choice of a cleric, called Father Domineer, as his villain-in-chief will annoy many; but it is wiser to see him only as a symbol of the kill-joy, the petty tyrant: O'Casey has always lunged bitterly against any force that would crush the life from anything young and gay. For his scene he has chosen a village named Nyadnanave, Irish for "the Nest of the Saints." He has explained unkindly that "Naomh in Irish meaning a saint, is pronounced like the English word Knave."

If we wish, we can see in Nyadnanave a picture of Eire in little, but that is the dramatist's way: he leaves identification to us. The most alarming things happen in the village which is haunted by

a great cockerel with the "look of a cynical jester." A whiskey bottle glows red-hot. A house shakes. "Several flashes of lightning spear out through the window over the porch." Early in the night Michael Marthraun has observed: "There's sinister signs appearin' everywhere, evil evocations floatin' through every room." His companion, Sailor Mahan—the two provide one of the famous duets—asks, puzzled, "What kinda evocation an' significance is there?" And Michael tells him; the play tells us. It is an astonishing Irish reel, visual and verbal. Defiantly, O'Casey dances through a play that, mixing realism and symbolism, whirls across the stage in sound and colour. It is long since we have had anything comparable in our theatre—since, indeed, the last major O'Casey production, and for that we have to search the records.

Every student of this dramatist will have a favourite speech. I like the Sergeant on the "demonised Cock changin' himself into a silken glossified tall-hat"; but there is also an early dialogue between the two old men that is true gold: \*

MICHAEL (putting his face closer to Mahan's hotly): Looka here, Sailor Mahan, you're not goin' to magicify me into th' dhream of believin' you're not addin', every hurryin' week, a fine bundle o' notes to th' jubilant store you've there already, forcin' overtime on th' poor men o' th' bank, flickin' th' notes into imperial order.

MAHAN (as fiercely—standing up to say it, his face close to the face of Michael): An' you yourself, Michael Marthraun, aren't worn away with th' punishment of poverty! Puttin' on a poor mouth, an' if you set out to count graciously all you have in hidlins, you'd be workin' many a long, glad day, without supper or sleep, be daylight an' candle-light, till your mind centhred on th' sum dominated be th' last note fluttherin' from your fingers!

This, and much more, is spoken with a sharp pleasure by J. G. Devlin and Wilfrid Lawson, who repeat at the Royal Court their Edinburgh Festival partnership. (Let me interject that I cannot agree with those of my colleagues who, until "Cock-a-doodle Dandy," seem to have had a dull time at a Festival that made some stimulating and rewarding forays into theatre history.) In O'Casey's play Mr. Devlin's Michael, both timid and weasel-sharp, is sustained comedy,

and Mr. Lawson, using with care that voice of his that can be like a wind sighing through porridge, aids him as the Sailor, stiff and dazed, though I felt he was happier at Edinburgh than at the Court. A few performances, those of Patrick Magee and Eamon Keane, for example, came to me uneasily, but that is a personal reaction. The whole production is apt enough for us to thank the English Stage Company with enthusiasm. Goodness knows, I have not done that too often; but after "Roots" (though don't let us assume that this was a work of flaming genius), and with "Rosmersholm" to come, hope dawns.

With the fire still ablaze in recollection, it is by no means easy to remember the glimmer of "The Quiz Kid" (Lyric, Hammersmith), yet another light musical piece. It is all about one of what Tyrone Guthrie called the other day at Edinburgh "the mass distributive media." Its principal character wins television quiz prizes in London and New York, and his history enables the authors, Jimmy and Nina Thompson, to offer a mild run of satirical ribbon-building. Mr. Thompson is always shyly agreeable; Roderick Cook is a comedian with a sting; and there is not very much else to say.

When this appears, the Hampstead Theatre Club will have opened, and every playgoer with belief in the Little Theatres—the London scene has been incomplete without its "fringe"—will warmly applaud James Roose Evans and William Ingram. Theirs is a "venture of faith" that deserves to succeed, and especially in Hampstead, which has made much of the right kind of theatre history. Such distinguished people as Margaret Webster (who knows what "off-Broadway" has meant, and who hopes that "off-Shaftesbury Avenue" can mean the same) and Walter Hudd ("the actor masters and perfects his skill best of all before a 'living' audience") have just contributed to a living and enterprising Newsletter. "Let's do some work for the love of it," writes Miss Webster, "and see some work that we can love."



SAILOR MAHAN (WILFRID LAWSON) AND MARION (ETAIN O'DELL) IN A SCENE FROM SEAN O'CASEY'S "COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY," WHICH HAS COME TO THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE FROM EDINBURGH.

John Trewin writes: "It is an astonishing Irish reel, visual and verbal. . . . It is long since we have had anything comparable in our theatre." (First night: September 17.)

The first play, at Moreland Hall, just across the road from Hampstead Underground station, is "King's Daughter," by the Welsh scholar and dramatist, Saunders Lewis, with Sian Phillips as the daughter of King John, who married Llywelyn the Great, ruler of North Wales. Emyr Humphrys, the Welsh novelist, has translated it. It seems appropriate to be speaking of it to-night as I look out across these far fields of Pembroke-shire under the moon's white fire.

\* "Collected Plays," by Sean O'Casey. Volume Four (Macmillan, 1951), p. 128.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"FIVE FINGER EXERCISE" (Comedy).—Peter Shaffer's play in a new production. (September 21.)  
 "THE WAITING ROOM" and "CREDITORS" (Birmingham Repertory).—A double bill of a new short "comedy of menace," by Terence Lodge, coupled with Strindberg's famous and merciless piece. (September 22.)  
 "PIECES OF EIGHT" (Apollo).—A new revue. (September 23.)  
 "KING'S DAUGHTER" (Hampstead Theatre Club).—Historical play written by Saunders Lewis for Sian Phillips, who will play the title-rôle. (September 24.)



## UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 7: A SEA DRAGON IS WATCHING YOU!



A FEROCIOUS RESIDENT OF THE CORAL SEA: THE DRAGON-FISH, WITH ITS DEADLY SPRAY OF DORSAL FIN.

In the tropical regions of the Pacific and Indian Oceans lie chains of underwater mountains formed of brilliantly-coloured and fantastically-wrought coral masses. In the crevices of these vast coral reefs lurk some of the world's most magnificent, astonishing and deadly creatures of the sea. One of the chief of these is the dragon-fish (*Pterois volitans*), whose colours (purple, red and white)

surpass in splendour the most imaginative creations of any painter. Its face is rotund, its eyes bulge, while with its broad mouth it swallows its prey in one gulp. From its lavishly-striped body springs a veritable armoury of sabre-like fins, each one possessing poison glands that can kill a human being. And yet this dragon of the tropical oceans is a mere 9 ins. or so long.



MR. NORMAN COLLINS is a phenomenon. He is responsible for the fact that, for good or ill, we have commercial television, and in the course of the battle for its establishment became an extremely wealthy businessman. He ties with Lord Mancroft, in my estimation, as the wittiest after-dinner speaker in the country. He has a vast sense of fun (which does not necessarily march with wit), is admirable company, and the fact that he has not started yet another career, as a Member of Parliament, is due to the short-sightedness of Conservative Selection Committees who have failed to realise what they, and the House of Commons, are missing. He gets through, in the course of a day, as much as most people can accomplish in a week. It is this self-discipline which leads him to write 1000 words every night, however late he arrives home. The result has been one noted best-seller, "London Belongs To Me," which he now follows with *BOND STREET STORY*, for which it is almost superfluous to predict an equal success.

Like Arnold Bennett, in whose "Imperial Palace" the Savoy Hotel was the hero, Mr. Collins is what one might call an institutional novelist. He makes his Bond Street store and its workings the main theme, besides which the doings of his heroes and heroines are of minor importance. His gift for observation is immense and a trifle disconcerting. (Next time we lunch together I shall find myself wondering whether I am providing the raw material for 1000 words that same evening!) Also like Arnold Bennett—and Kipling before Bennett—he is intensely interested in other people's "shop." His observation is, as I say, daunting, but never wholly unkind. Take poor Mrs. Preece presiding at her table at the Staff Dance:

Mrs. Preece realised now what a mistake it had been to add their new family doctor to the party. He was young. He was handsome. He was a Scot. Every time he had swept into Two Gables she had been impressed. Even rather excited by him. He was always so vigorous. So quick. So incisive about everything. But it was extraordinary how much he seemed to have changed now that she saw him against the background of the dance hall. Rugged, rather than handsome, was the word that she would now have applied to him. Like a great block of Aberdeenshire granite. If a fine drizzle had sprung up on his side of the table it would not have surprised her in the least.

I will not spoil the book for you by indicating the admirable characters with which he peoples it. But let me express my relief that here at last is a delightful tale most expertly told.

I am not greatly enamoured of women novelists and, as the vast majority of novels these days are written by women, I find myself too often discontented by the novels that come my way. I must make an exception, however, of *THE HIGH ROOF*, by Joy Packer. The authoress, who has placed her story of intimate and complicated human relationships in South Africa, has been content to tell her tale with a tenderness which never lapses into sentiment and with an understanding which never deteriorates into being a psychologist's whimsy.

It is a sad story, though the young married couple who lost a child, due to what the wife thought was the husband's fault, come together in the end and provide, in the event, a fairly happy ending. Miss Packer can be congratulated on being that rarity among modern novelists, an excellent storyteller.

Last week, I reviewed an excellent Western entitled "Traitor at Fort Bent." This week I have before me a very odd one indeed. This is *THE BUFFALO SOLDIERS*, by John Prebble. For me the singular attraction of a Western is, or should be, its simplicity. In a Western one should never have to doubt, "though right were worsted, wrong would triumph." The "goodies" must be "goodies" and the "baddies" "baddies," and the Indians or "hostiles" should be satisfyingly sinister. Mr. Prebble's story confuses these simple issues. To begin with, his "Buffalo Soldiers" are, in fact, Negro cavalrymen, who have only recently been freed by the Civil War from slavery. Their commander is a young ex-ranker and the story is the story of the struggle between Lieutenant Byrne and Quasia, the Comanche Indian, who at first "follows the White Man's way," but later takes to the warpath.

Mr. Prebble writes with a vivid insight, surprising in an author who lives at Coulsdon (he has encouraged me to believe that I, too, may one day write a Western!), but his story is a little too complicated for one who, like myself, prefers simplicity. Negro cavalrymen don't somehow fit into a picture which should normally be of fierce conflict between palefaces and redskins. In my childhood I would have placed them, when playing soldiers, along with the Zouaves, Zulus, Montenegrians and decapitated Household Cavalrymen in the broad general category of "the enemy"!

## A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

While under the Pax Britannica the population of British India was steadily increasing, our American friends, so critical of British "colonialism," were making a pretty thorough job of virtually exterminating their own Indians. I have just been reading a fascinating novel by Mr. Michel-Droit, *PUEBLO*, which describes what it feels like to be a young Red Indian in the United States to-day. Mr. Edward Hyams has done an admirable job of translation and the novel (if you can call it

North-West Spain was made the more enjoyable as we travelled along the ancient pilgrims' way with Professor Walter Starkie's "The Road to Compostella," in hand. Some day, too, I want to land at Lisbon and with an armful of Napier and Guedalla, follow Wellington to the conclusion of his triumphant campaign at Orthez and Toulouse. Mr. Croft-Cooke has a feeling for Spain and has a style which is both lively and evocative. Indeed, for those who want to catch a glimpse of the real Spain, which is still unknown to tourists, this book will provide an admirable introduction.

This seems a good opportunity of drawing attention to another of Mr. Croft-Cooke's recent books and not his least remarkable, *SMILING DAMNED VILLAIN*. This is the story of Paul Lund who now, apparently, lives in Tangier, and who, in one of his many incarcerations, when asked by the prison Governor what his profession was, replied "Thief"! Such honest villainy (if the paradox may be allowed) is made most engaging by its frankness, though I should still be a trifle unforgiving if Mr. Lund stole my silver and not be in the least sorry in that case to see him "nicked" once more!

I have seen some criticism of Mr. Richard Bennett's *THE BLACK AND TANS*, on the grounds that he has attempted to whitewash that extremely tough body, whose ruthlessness almost crushed Sinn Féin. Having read his book with great care, I feel this charge is unjust. The answer is, of course, that it is impossible to write fairly about a Civil War, just as it is almost impossible to be neutral in a country in which this most horrible form of warfare is raging. A well-written book, but Ireland would be a happier place if these painful memories were not revived.

When I was very young I remember reading for the first time that most exciting of documentary accounts, "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo." I have forgotten who the author was, but certainly he stood in a class by himself, at least until Mr. Kenneth Anderson started his fascinating series of man-eating tigers and leopards in the Indian jungle. He returns to his kill (if one may put it that way) with *THE BLACK PANTHER OF SIVANIPALLI*. The story from which the book takes its title is one of a series of tales of the Indian jungle which are as highly satisfying to read as Mr. Anderson's nonchalance is impressive. Sitting up for man-eating leopards or tigers, very often in quite inadequate positions, such as a hollow tree stump in one of his stories, would, if I were telling the tale, have been made to sound far more dangerous and exciting!

*H.M.S. ELECTRA*, by Lieut.-Commander T. J. Cain, R.N. (Retd.), as told to A. V. Sellwood, is the memorial, recounted by a survivor, of a ship which was part of the force annihilated by the Japanese in the Battle of the Java Sea. *Electra* and her British, Dutch, Australian and American consorts, were the subsidiary victims of that naval under-estimate of the air weapon which led to the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* and temporary loss of control of the Far-Eastern waters. It is a moving story, but how difficult it is to believe that it is now nearly eighteen years since *H.M.S. Electra* "attacked through the smoke and was seen no more"!

Another disaster which shook a world not yet accustomed to numbering its war dead in millions was the San Francisco disaster, when first the earthquake, and then the fire which followed, destroyed so much of that proud and garish city. In *THE SAN FRANCISCO DISASTER*, Miss Monica Sutherland has described, with the aid of some quite remarkable photographs, the downfall of San Francisco and the tragedies (and some comedies) which accompanied it. But, again, it all seems a great deal longer ago than 1906.

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- BOND STREET STORY*, by Norman Collins. (Collins; 16s.)  
*THE HIGH ROOF*, by Joy Packer. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 16s.)  
*THE BUFFALO SOLDIERS*, by John Prebble. (Secker and Warburg; 15s.)  
*PUEBLO*, by Michel-Droit. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 16s.)  
*THE QUEST FOR QUIXOTE*, by Rupert Croft-Cooke. (Secker and Warburg; 18s.)  
*SMILING DAMNED VILLAIN*, by Rupert Croft-Cooke. (Secker and Warburg; 18s.)  
*THE BLACK AND TANS*, by Richard Bennett. (Hulton; 21s.)  
*THE BLACK PANTHER OF SIVANIPALLI*, by Kenneth Anderson. (Allen and Unwin; 16s.)  
*H.M.S. ELECTRA*, by Lieut.-Commander T. J. Cain. (Muller; 18s.)  
*THE SAN FRANCISCO DISASTER*, by Monica Sutherland. (Barrie and Rockliff; 16s.)

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

EXAMINING in turn Leonard Barden's games in the last British championship has a point which has occurred to me only since I started doing so. Quite apart from the fact that, for fantastic unevenness, they put all other competitors' efforts in the shade, there is this. Barden, though one of our most prolific chess writers, exhibits a certain reticence in publicising his own games. So in giving you a series of them, I am, in a way, balancing the record.

His six-round encounter with P. H. Clarke was a correctly played but utterly featureless draw of the kind which is the eternal envy of those unfortunate players who cannot play this type of game. A half-point against an opponent of P. H. Clarke's calibre, in seventeen moves and about 1½ hours' play (practically a rest day in the middle of the tournament, allowing ample time for recuperation from previous nervous strain and preparation for what is to follow), is by no means to be despised—as those who continually toil hard through six or seven hours for a similar half-point can especially appreciate.

"Come, come!" Barden's guardian demon must have muttered to himself as he sat down to play Scotland's Dr. J. M. Aitken in round seven, "This will never do!" Barden is probably still wondering what he himself had in mind when he played his incomprehensible twenty-fourth move:

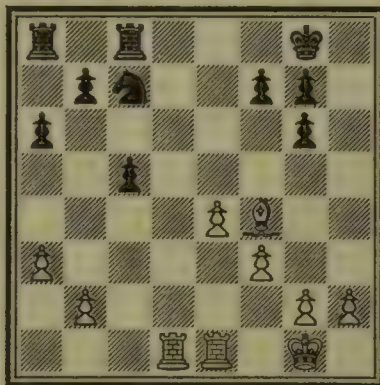
### RUY LOPEZ.

BARDEN	AITKEN	BARDEN	AITKEN
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4	12. N-B1	P-B4
2. N-KB3	N-QB3	13. P-QR3	N-B3
3. B-N5	P-QR3	14. N-N3	KR-B1
4. B-R4	P-Q3	15. B-N5	R-B2
5. P-B3	B-Q2	16. N-B5	N-K1
6. Castles	N-B3	17. N×Bch	N×N
7. R-K1	B-K2	18. P×P	P×P
8. P-Q4	Castles	19. B-B4	Q×Q
9. QN-Q2	P×P	20. QR×Q	R(B2)-B1
10. P×P	N-QN5	21. N-K5	
11. B×B	Q×B		

21. R-Q7 does not achieve quite so much as appears at first sight, as Black can answer 21... N-N3 and, after the attacked bishop moves, 22... P-QN4.

21... N-N3 23. P-B3 N-B2  
 22. N×N RP×N

Black.



White.

24. R-Q5 ?? N×R White resigns.

He could play on but considers a bishop against a rook in this type of position a hopeless business. What made him play 24. R-Q5? He possibly intended 24. B×N, R×B; and only then, 25. R-Q5. I have known a number of instances of masters inadvertently skipping an intermediate move like this.

that, for it is more like an exciting documentary), has assuredly not suffered, as do so many books, at the hands of translators. Incidentally, I must confess that I did not expect to find, in a novel about Red Indians, a description of a bullfight as good as anything this side of Hemingway or Ken Tynan.

Catalonia cannot be described as Don Quixote country (if one excludes Barcelona, where the Knight of the Rueful Countenance had his last and humiliating adventure), but even so, it was a pleasure to read Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke's *THE QUEST FOR QUIXOTE* under the same clear skies and looking across the same vast distances which Cervantes made his hero traverse. I am greatly addicted to what one might call "itinerary" books, i.e., a year or two ago a visit to North and



# Spode

by WOLF MANKOWITZ

**Collectors' guide  
to 'Choicest' tea-ware**

*Silver-shape bone china tea-pot  
with cobalt blue ground: 1804*



IN 1770 Josiah Spode, a 29-year-old potter who had been a star apprentice of the great Staffordshire master Thomas Whieldon, raised a mortgage and took over his first factory. Within a few years Spode's improved earthenware had established a business that has prospered to the present day.

The first innovation introduced by Josiah Spode was a style of transfer-printing in blue under the glaze which, by its soft quality and careful blending with coloured enamels, achieved a unique harmony of design and colour. Furthermore Spode's improved method of printing enabled attractive tea-ware to be sold comparatively cheaply.

But it was Spode's achievements in the manufacture of porcelain which make him most noteworthy. For several years he experimented with Cornish china-clay and china-stone. He added to it calcinated bone eventually producing a porcelain of fine quality, transparent and durable—the first bone-china. Spode's formula has remained the basis of bone-china ever since, and his finest products remain a standard for present-day manufacturers.

From 1800 onwards the factory's work is invariably marked. Although some Spode reproductions of Meissen and Worcester have had their marks removed by grinding, identification is still possible. Spode's paste was considerably softer than that of Meissen, and the colours used in Worcester reproductions are brighter than those of the originals. Early Spode transfers are traditionally English in style; landscapes in panels surrounded by coloured borders, and floral subjects. In porcelain tea-ware rich colours are characteristic. Dark blues, reds, yellow, green and lavender used in conjunction with highly painted flowers, fruit and birds, make Spode china one of the richest of English wares.



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*A 10" dinner plate typical  
of Spode's blue transfer  
decorated work; scene  
after Mayer's Views in  
Asia Minor: 1820*



*Bone china tea-cup and saucer painted with flowers  
on solid gold background: 1804*



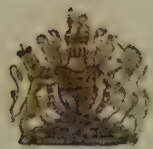
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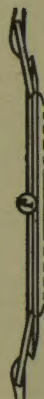


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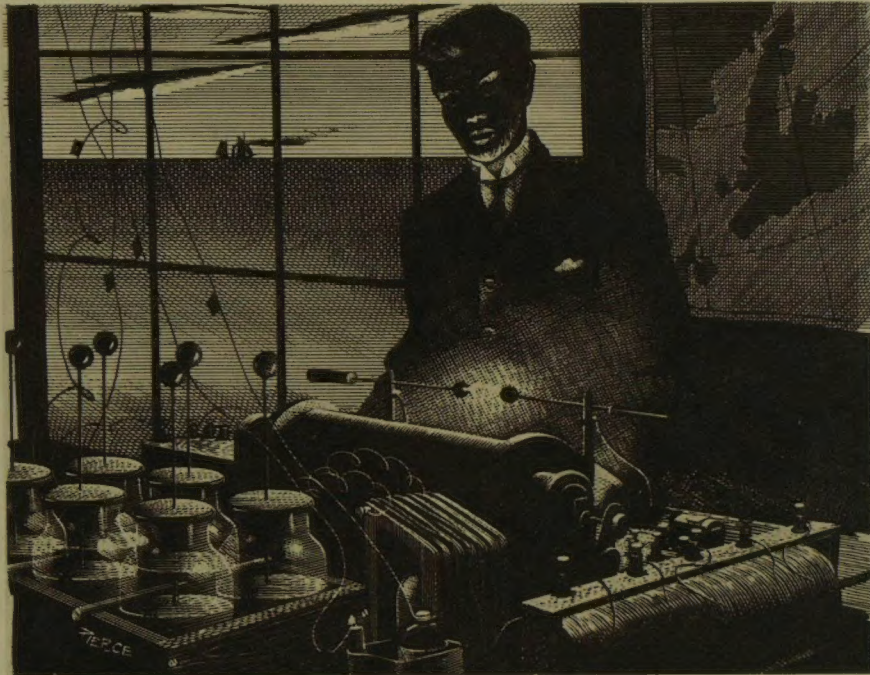
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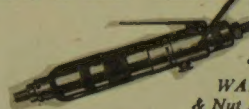
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And what a meal!

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they did when the English were famous  
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And they will take their time, in  
compliment to chefs who also have  
taken time, and immense pains.

When it is almost over, many glasses  
will be filled with the sweet essence of  
the South, Grand Marnier. More  
practically, the city men will honour  
their palates with a digestif, a mellow  
liqueur made for this especial purpose:  
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